

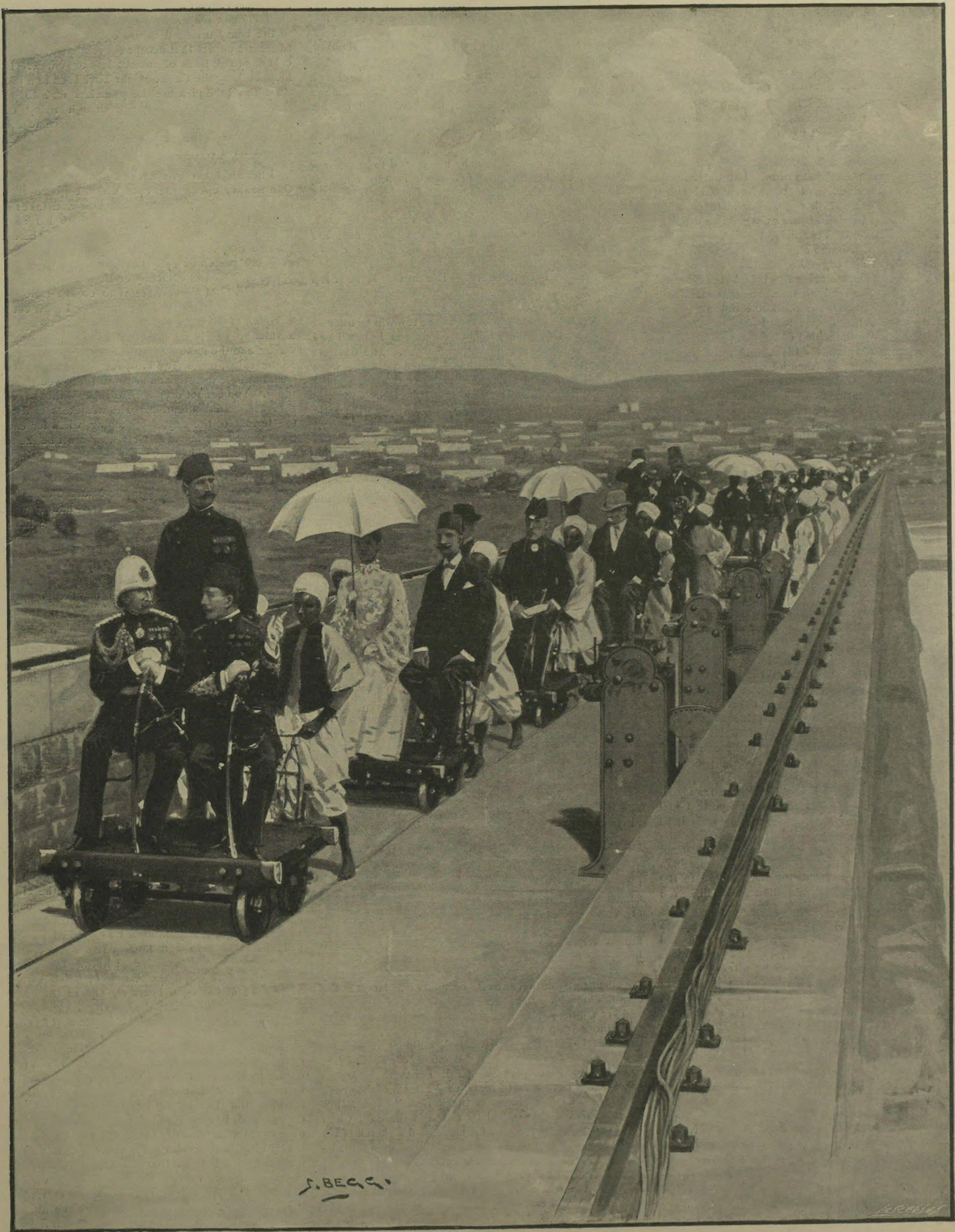
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

WITH CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT IN COLOURS. SIXPENCE.



Duke of Connaught. Khedive.

THE OPENING OF THE ASSOUAN DAM, DECEMBER 10: THE KHEWIE AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TRAVERSING THE DAM ON TROLLIES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. L. HENDERSON.

The royal party proceeded westward to the navigation-lock, where the inaugural ceremony was performed.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Christmas for three weary years found us at war. The fourth Christmas is not overcast by that cloud; but we have had a burlesque of it on the coast of Venezuela. A year ago we were still isolated by infallible moralists from the civilised world, especially Germany; and now the whirligig of time has brought about an Anglo-German compact for the coercion of some defaulters in South America. No idealist of foreign policy could have foreseen that. Even Old Moore did not predict it in his Almanack. There is no great relish among us for this new bond of brotherhood. Our people are not to be persuaded that they have anything in common with German interests, except a hearty admiration for the genius of the Kaiser. The highest homage which can be paid to that genius by citizens who are not German is to watch it with a wary eye. On that point, public opinion in England and the United States is undivided. At Washington there linger memories of the pertinacity with which German diplomacy strove to make Lord Pauncefoot guilty in American eyes of ill-will to the Republic. The same diplomacy is quite capable of turning the Venezuelan interlude to a similar purpose.

It is sad that nations should harbour these suspicions; but in foreign affairs figs do not suddenly grow on thistles. I understand that a reverend gentleman at Dundee has published a book, in which he pleads for "solidarity" rather than patriotism. Let us have the "solidarity" of mankind, and not this national spirit, which pursues its own selfish ends. For instance, when British and German Admirals are engaged in a common purpose off the coast of Venezuela, let there be a like unity of British and German objects at Shanghai. That would be a very modest beginning of the universal "solidarity"; but does anyone believe in it? Is the reverend gentleman at Dundee ready to take it as an instalment? A French lady has written a most interesting account of a visit to Count Tolstoy. She found that splendid old man under the loving dominion of his devoted wife, who made him eat and drink for his bodily good without the slightest regard for his theories of diet. "Men of genius," she remarked to the visitor, "need people of common-sense to contradict them occasionally." This fundamental truth works harmoniously in the Tolstoy household; perhaps it is not bold enough to lift up its head at Dundee.

"This is a portent too vast and shapeless to be yet understood; but, like the shape of Death that met Milton's Satan at the gates of Hell, gradually becomes clearer as it lifts its horrid front against the civilised world." Another quotation from the reverend gentleman, who has in mind the monstrous system which enables editors to suppress eloquence they do not consider to be worth their space. "A meeting will be reported without giving a line of the chairman's address because it chances to be a reasoned rebuke of the war-spirit." Evidently the reverend gentleman has often taken the chair. He has spoken, I am sure, most eloquently for the greater part of an hour, and the newspapers, inspired by base commercial motives, have not reported a word. The editor has said in his brutal way, "This will not sell a single copy"; and so all the available space for that meeting has been given to some other orator, and not to the pride of Dundee. This degrading policy is applied even to Parliamentary debates. There are legislators whose glowing periods never reach the public. A certain peer once complained in the House of Lords that the newspapers did not report him; and all that the public read next day about this stirring protest against the portent and its horrid front was this: "After a few words from Lord Denman." Another peer had a friend in the Gallery on one occasion, who overheard a reporter say, "I shall not give a word of this old duffer," meaning the nobleman in question. Next day he related this outrage to the House; but the decorum of his fellow peers dissolved in shouts of laughter.

Many years ago I stood upon a platform and proposed a vote of thanks to a very distinguished statesman. Needless to say, the reporters paid no attention to my felicitous remarks. I could see them sitting back in their chairs with ostentatious indifference. But I was an old newspaper hand, and knew that they would have to report verbatim the very distinguished statesman's response; so I introduced some matters which drew him into a pointed reference to myself, and next day I had quite a decent share of the glory of print. The reporters scowled, I remember; no doubt the editor said: "Confound this fellow; he won't sell, and yet we can't keep him out!" Let me commend to the reverend chairman at Dundee this artful plan for circumventing the portent, and turning its horrid front to a smiling welcome. His lofty spirit may disdain such counsel. He says that "citizens working for the broad ends of commonwealth" should save the newspaper from vile servitude to "scheming plutocrats who, grasping Parliament with one hand and the Press with

another, lift themselves more and more towards omnipotence." I wish those citizens luck. If they will start a journal to enable every chairman to read himself in full, the plutocrats will soon have a shrinking circulation.

From a lively article by Mark Twain in the *North American Review* I learn that in the United States Christian Science has five hundred churches and a million adherents. In one church there is a portrait of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the head of the faith, with a never-extinguished light burning in front of it. Mark Twain predicts that this picture will become an object of worship, and be endowed with miraculous power. Mrs. Eddy wrote "a little book," inspired by an angel, and extracts from this sacred volume take rank with Scripture texts among the elect. Christian Science is a medicinal exercise of the imagination. A little girl, thrown from a horse, was pitched head foremost on a rock, and would have had a fractured skull but for her presence of mind. She murmured an Eddyism in mid air, and came off with a black eye. Subsequent invocations caused the eye to heal with gratifying rapidity. Such an experience gives a confidence which baffles disease and conquers pain. Moreover, it begets a constitutional cheerfulness which makes misfortune a word without meaning. The child who fell on her head says that for a short time she "seemed" to have a headache. "I know not seems," remarked Hamlet to his mother; but he did not know Mrs. Eddy. Headaches and other aches she has proved to be passing delusions, which, when the new spirit is fully matured, will cease even their seeming.

This doctrine must have divers comfortable uses. In a Pennsylvanian town, I read, the young men are greatly incensed because the girls have been doting on the military, drafted into the district to suppress some industrial disturbance. The injury is so deep that the young men have formed a society, and taken a solemn vow to have no communication with the offending damsels for the space of one year. The vow will be difficult to keep; under ordinary human conditions I should say it would be freely broken within a week. The damsels are probably counting on that. When were the wives of women known to fail? But suppose the young men should fortify themselves with Mrs. Eddy's "little book" and treat the torments of their vow as the little girl treated her headache? If the impact of one's skull against a rock can be made innocuous by Christian Science, why need a man break his heart for a girl who dotes on the military? The ladies in that Pennsylvanian town, I presume, will either migrate or borrow from Mrs. Eddy strength to regard the stony young civilians with nonchalance.

Consider the possible ramifications of this idea. It is well known that Tolstoy (when his wife is not at hand to contradict him) cherishes the hope that the human race may be ended by the decline of wedlock. The beginning of this great reform is not yet in sight; but those Pennsylvanian lads and lasses may set it going by renouncing marriage. This development of Christian Science might spread, bring the population of the United States to a standstill, and in a few generations present the last survivor on the American continent in the person of a contemplative Red Indian placidly smoking his pipe at the door of his wigwam amid the ruins of the Capitol at Washington. Meanwhile, so notable an example could not fail to influence the higher ethics in Europe. Asia would gradually yield to the spell, though I am rather doubtful of China. I have a vision of a gentleman with a pigtail writing the "Note Book," and quoting from ancient volumes of this Journal to show what a prophetic barbarian of an extinct race was the scribe who does it now. But if Christian Science should effectually perform the great task I have ventured to indicate, my remains will be spared the gentle gibes of that Mongolian.

This may not be what you would call a jovial meditation for Christmas, although it is usual at this season to wonder what our posterity (if Tolstoy should allow us to have any) will think of our manners and customs. As I write, many people are preparing to spend their Christmas out of town, and to make considerable journeys by rail. They may feel thankful that they have not to travel, as their ancestors did, by coach; but it may not occur to them that their descendants may laugh at the cumbrous mechanism of trains. Writing of the old coaches and coachmen, Thackeray says in "Vanity Fair": "To those great geniuses now in petticoats, who shall write novels for the beloved reader's children, these men and things will be as much legend and history as Nineveh, or Cœur de Lion, or Jack Sheppard. For them the stage-coaches will have become romances—a team of four bays as fabulous as Bucephalus or Black Bess." It was undeniably romantic to travel by coach in the days when every passenger had to give his name, and a sketch of his private affairs, to his companions lest they should mistake him for a highwayman's confederate. But we have nothing so dramatic to offer our posterity, who will speed over the highways in motor-cars, and, if they condescend to think of us at all, will smile in a most superior manner at our absurd railway-stations and extinct locomotives.

DECEMBER IN THE SOUTH.

On the terrace overlooking the Mediterranean, whose waters this morning have the light turquoise tint that seems to be their special possession, I have been reading letters from home. Every writer refers to the joy of being away from town or country just now: if they are right, the dweller in sunshine is to be congratulated, and a few weeks ago I would have been quite ready to agree with them. To-day I am unconvinced: even if they are right, there is a point of view they cannot appreciate. It is very present in my thoughts just now.

In the Casino behind me people are expending their money and their health and temper to allow the powers that farm this paradise to subsidise their landlord to the tune of hundreds of thousand pounds a year or thereabouts, to spend fortunes annually on the wonderful gardens and music, music for which the public must pay at highest concert and opera rates. Moreover, the keen-eyed, unquiet players in the *salle de jeu* are subscribing to the heavy dividend of the company, and the subsidy to certain papers that accept subvention and close their columns to all tales of ruinous loss or suicide. I cannot help thinking the Casino might have been in a provincial slum for all the pleasure the gamblers care to get from these exquisite surroundings, though many of them have travelled a thousand miles or more to add their tribute to the funds I have just enumerated. They or I must have lost all sense of humour.

I have another grievance: I am too well looked after. One flunkey opens the door when I go to the hotel, another receives me with a low bow and takes my hat and stick, summoning yet a third to his assistance if I have an overcoat to be removed. There is one man to ring for the lift, and a lad to work it, and a gorgeous person on every floor, whose business, like that of one of the select company of Bath footmen that entertained Mr. Sam Weller, seems to consist in looking out of the window. In the *salle-à-manger* I must endure the attention of the head waiter, who looks as though he had a valet to wait upon him; the wine-steward, the table-waiter, and the more menial folk who merely carry dishes. In the salon, one or two lads, radiant in buttons, appear from nowhere directly you begin to think you want something. You cannot drop a newspaper without provoking their well-meant attention. The weariness of it all, and the terrors of the day of reckoning, when for each and all of these superfluous services a tip must be the reward, are making me old before my time.

"You are very lucky to be out in the garden of Europe," writes a friend from the Midland country, "but things are not so bad here. We had a wonderful run with the Quorn on Tuesday, and there have been some good shooting days." Another writes from an Eastern county: "Well to be you just now; but really this winter is first-rate. Some jolly runs and a lot of good rough sport. The cold snap has brought in duck, woodcock, and snipe in greater numbers than I have known for seven or eight years."

These simple items of general news thrill me strangely here. I seem to see the home country in winter vestment of dazzling white, or on the morning after a thaw the long straggling procession of the hunt passing through the Market Square on its way to draw the squire's coverts. I see the plantation, bare save of evergreens, but never without beauty at any season, and think of the woodcock that may now be flushed in the quiet corners where the leafless branches tangle, or of the wild duck that will rise from the marsh beyond. I recall the pleasures of the long tramps at the end of the afternoon for a chance shot at seafaring birds at flight-time.

The echo of a strenuous life is strangely disquieting here. After all, it was no bad thing to rise before the sun, to tramp or ride out into the growing light, and come back warm and glowing to the breakfast-table. Then the simple round of active country life while the short day lasted, the long evenings round the fire, in company with favourite books. There was the pleasure of facing the winter, fighting a way through it, and perhaps giving a little personal help and attention to the less-favoured with whom age and poverty deal hard. In this place it is impossible to avoid the feeling of being a runaway, a coward; of having deliberately chosen the easy, idle existence, in preference to the one that invigorates a man and makes him more fit for the changes of the years.

Is mine a genuine and creditable regret, or a symptom of the unrest that has been one of the attributes of the human mind ever since our first endeavours to understand it? Lucretius speaks of the feeling that prompts the Roman to hurry to his villa from the capital, and, having reached it, to summon his chariot once again and "thunder back to Rome." The passage is very clear to-day. I cannot make proper analysis of my mood; I only know that the appeal of warm sun in cloudless sky, of shining waters and quiet woods that have never known winter, is as strong as ever, and that the discontent appears side by side with the attractions, leaving me to justify it if I must, or dismiss it if I can.

PARLIAMENT.

The Education Bill was carried after a final passage of arms between the Prime Minister and Lord Hugh Cecil. Lord Hugh denounced with extraordinary vehemence the provision of lay control over religious instruction, and declared that the clergy would resist it by every means in their power. Mr. Balfour said that the clergy had no inherent right to control religious teaching, that public opinion was against such a claim, and that the war threatened by Lord Hugh would not redound to the credit of the party that should carry it on. The King's Speech which prorogued Parliament reviewed the entire Session, touching upon the South African War, the Coronation, and other familiar topics. In regard to the new Education Act, a significant allusion was made to "issues which all would desire to see left outside the region of political discussion." Parliament will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 17.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CHRISTIAN KING," AT THE ADELPHI.

King Alfred is the hero of Mr. Wilson Barrett's new play, given last week at the Adelphi Theatre; but it is an Alfred who is associated with a tawdry melodramatic love-tale, an Alfred who is ludicrously represented as beset by the passion of a tempting siren. So that, though the author does his best to show also the just law-giver, the valiant general, "the Christian King," Mr. Barrett, if you please, ends his five-act drama with a tableau of Alfred as victorious admiral of England's first navy. Still, the taint of sensationalism runs through the whole work. Thus allied with the reckless Princess who is made to woo Alfred and would in jealousy kill his wife, there is a Danish villain, who entraps the Queen to assail her honour and seeks to murder Alfred. Handsome and tasteful mounting does much to render the new Adelphi production attractive, and Mr. Percyval and Miss Lillah McCarthy interpret cleverly enough the rôles of the wicked pair. But the *raison d'être* of "The Christian King" is obviously that it gives Mr. Barrett himself one more opportunity of looking picturesque and declaiming vigorously—too much declaiming, for the play's last scenes contain next to no action and instead a series of empty speeches.

"WATER-BABIES," AT THE GARRICK.

Out of Charles Kingsley's nursery classic, the story of "Water-Babies," Mr. Rutland Barrington has prepared a very dainty entertainment for the Garrick Theatre's holiday matinees—just the sort of refined musical play that children seem to like. Indeed, it has only one fault (for grown-up folk): that all its most dramatic scenes and its brightest moments, and certainly its most graceful dance, are to be discovered in the first act of three, and so the others prove a little tame by comparison. Not that Miss Nellie Bowman does not lend plenty of vivacity and sprightliness to Tom, the little boy-hero, whether as a sooty young gamin of a sweep, or as the transformed water-baby; not that the crowd of pretty and clever children do not pose and arrange themselves charmingly throughout the progress of the story as dame's scholars—water-babies and fairies; not that (and here is the main thing) the youngsters present on the first afternoon failed to laugh and chatter aloud with delight over every element of the show: songs, dances, fun (slight as it is), the tale's moral, its sentiment, its characters—all pleased them from first to last.

"A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There is such piquant knowledge of children's nature shown in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new play, "A Little Un-fairy Princess," that it seems almost unfair to describe this fantasy as too monotonous and melancholy for Christmas-time. And yet it is a fact that "Fauntleroy's" author confines her heroine almost perpetually to the minor key, and morbidly piles up the agony of her sorrows. The spectacle of a sweet-tempered girl reduced from the position of petted and wealthy school favourite to that of half-starved and garret-lodged drudge should surely be passed over quickly in a play intended for laughter-loving children. But Mrs. Burnett emphasises poor Sara Crewe's downfall to a harrowing extent, so that the advent of her dead father's friend and her ultimate restoration to happiness and riches scarcely alter the general complexion of the story. Happily, Sara is a child who "makes believe" charmingly, and is given by her representative, young Beatrice Terry, unaffected charm and exquisite refinement. Happily, she is surrounded by a group of delightfully real youngsters as delightfully interpreted. Happily, Mr. Beveridge, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Carlotta Zerbin, Miss Beatrice Ferrar, and other "grown-ups" act as spontaneously as their youthful associates.

"BROWN AT BRIGHTON," AT THE AVENUE.

A deliberate rejection of coherence of story and an unabashed employment of extravagant buffoonery are the curious characteristics of the new Avenue farce, not too originally styled "Brown at Brighton." So far as the plot of this admits of analysis, it may be said to deal with the adventures of two Browns, one of whom elopes with a Yankee's daughter, is concerned unconsciously in carrying off a diamond necklace, and is pursued by his angry father-in-law, while the other Brown assists the fugitives and encounters for his pains all sorts of personal discomfort. But the real essence of the play consists in mad scenes of clowning, in which narcotic cigars and Falstaffian baskets, revolvers, bathing-machines, and a beached boat, are turned to grotesque account. Naturally, players like Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Lowne, and Mr. Rock can make little of the material supplied them by the authors, Messrs. Mackay and Stephens; but there is one comedian at the Avenue, Mr. Dallas Welford, who, thanks to a dismal-comic face, which should be his fortune, scores a real success in the title-rôle.

FENCING IN EARNEST.

The long-deferred duels between the French fencing masters, Lucien Mérignac and Kirchhoffer, and the Italian professors, Signori Vega and Pessina, were surreptitiously carried out on Dec. 18 in the grounds of Count Rokosienski's villa at Nice. Endless was the ingenuity resorted to by the combatants and their seconds to escape the vigilance of the police, who were determined to stop the duel if possible. Mérignac and Kirchhoffer reached Nice on the afternoon of Dec. 17, and were met by their seconds. They were at once placed under formal arrest, but this was done merely to enable them to get clear of the crowd which was waiting outside the station. They were shortly set free and went to their hotel. During the day they rode about the district on motor-cars, thus hoping to put the police off the scent. At six on the following morning the champions of both sides set out on motors for the duelling-ground. The Frenchmen drove first in the direction of Monte Carlo, and, finally, wheeling about, returned to the outskirts of Nice and entered the demesne of Count Rokosienski unmolested by the police. The conditions were explained, and the first pair of combatants at once faced each other. A magnificent exhibition of skill followed, both sides showing that they were very equally matched. At last Vega, with a desperate lunge, scratched Kirchhoffer on the left shoulder. Vega was also touched, but the surgeons declared the wounds to be slight, and the duel went on. In the next bout, Vega received a thrust in the shoulder, and although the surgeons recommended that the duel should be stopped, Vega attempted to continue it, but found himself unable to proceed. Mérignac and Pessina then faced each other, and displayed some superb fencing. The excitement was intense during a bout at close quarters, when, for a moment, it was believed that Pessina had been run through. He was saved, however, by his vest, and on the objection being raised that it was thicker than his adversary's, he exchanged it for another. Once more they engaged, and Pessina received a thrust in his right ribs, whereupon the combat was concluded.

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Box Office now open at Olympia, Addison Road Entrance, from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., for all Seats excepting 1s. and 2s.

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SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Sole Lessee, Mr. George Musgrove.

MR. FREDERIC A. STANLEY'S MATINEE SEASON.

EVERY AFTERNOON at 2.15.

A New Play, entitled

A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS.

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Produced by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Twice Daily, 3 and 8. Great success of the Grand New Xmas Entertainment. All new Songs, Ballads, Jokes, &c. Plantation Sketch, UNCLE TOM'S GOLDEN WEDDING, 5s., 7s., 2s., 1s. Children Half Price. Seats booked at Whitehead's, St. James's Hall, and all Libraries.

LONDON HIPPODROME,

CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

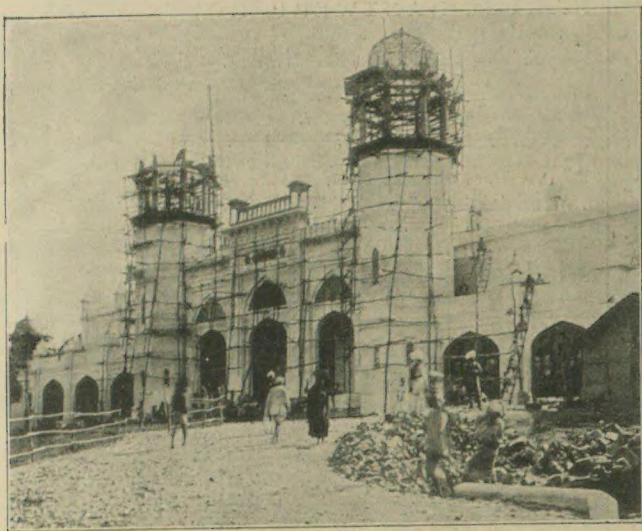
Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

Twice Daily, at 2 and 7.45 p.m.

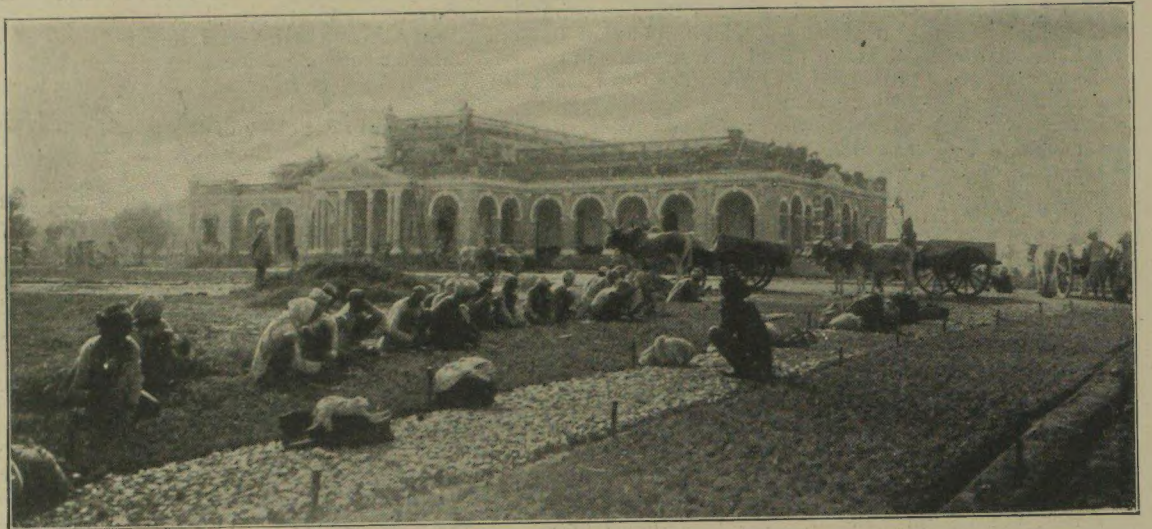
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLIFIED BRILLIANCE.

THE IMPENDING IMPERIAL DURBAR: PREPARATIONS AT DELHI.

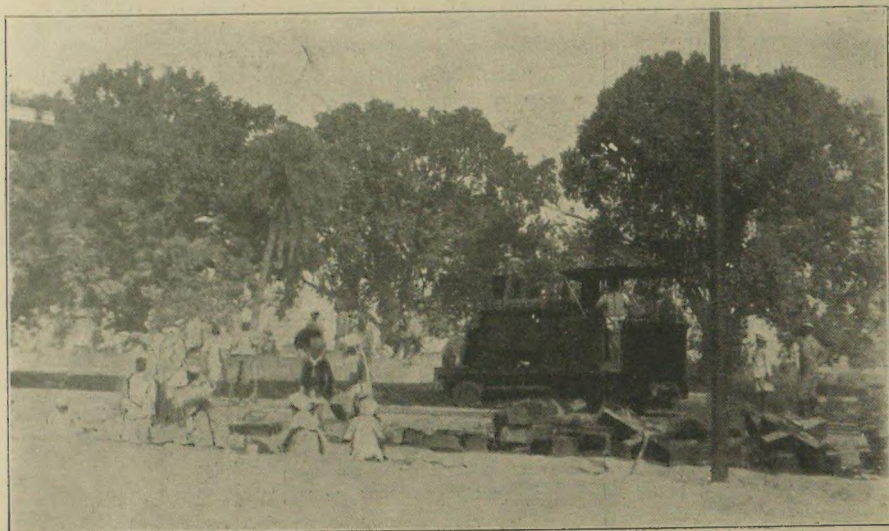
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. MCNAIR.



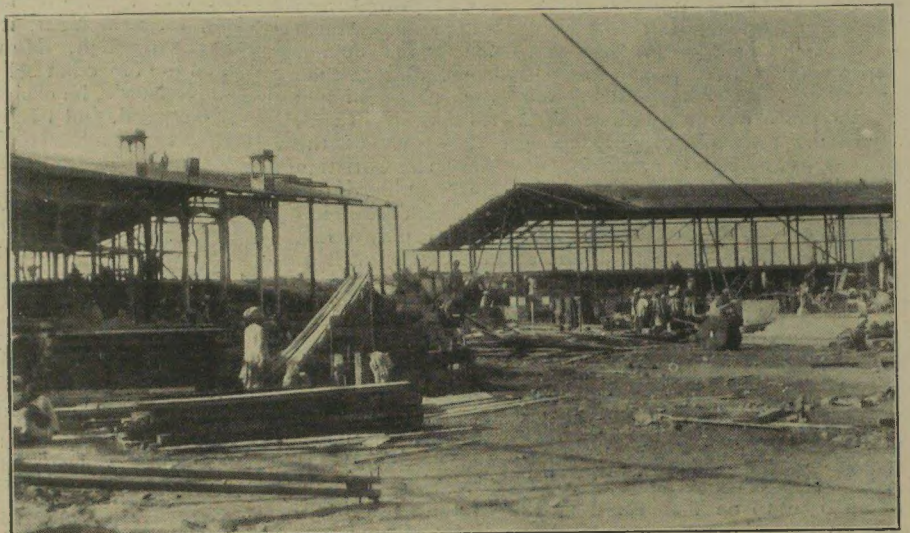
THE VICEROY'S PROJECT OF A DURBAR ART COLLECTION.
THE PERMANENT QUARTERS OF THE EXHIBITION.



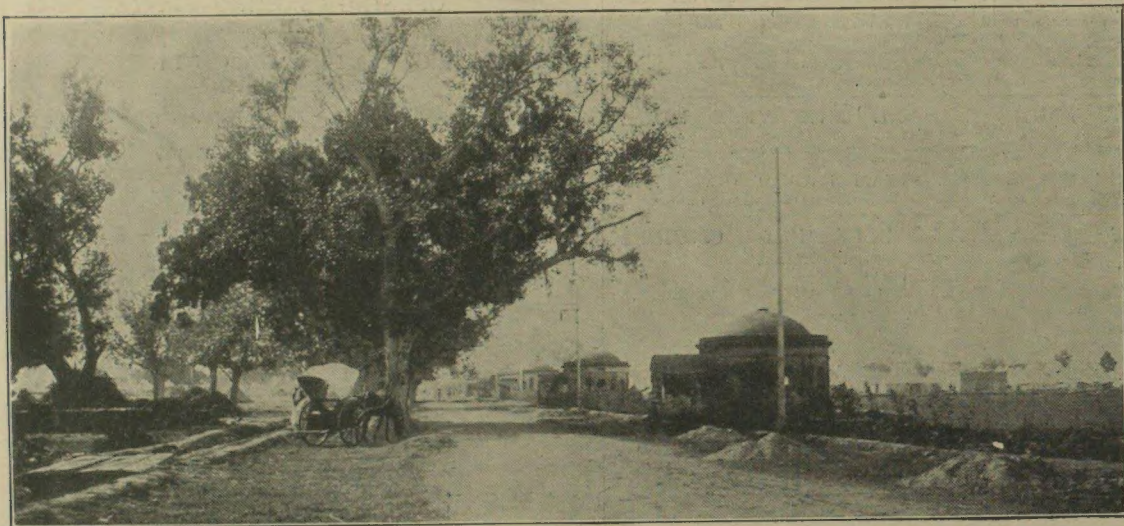
THE OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS: THE VICEROY'S RESIDENCE, TO BE USED AFTERWARDS
AS A CIRCUIT-HOUSE.



THE MEANS OF COMMUNICATION WITHIN THE CAMP: A LIGHT RAILWAY
IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



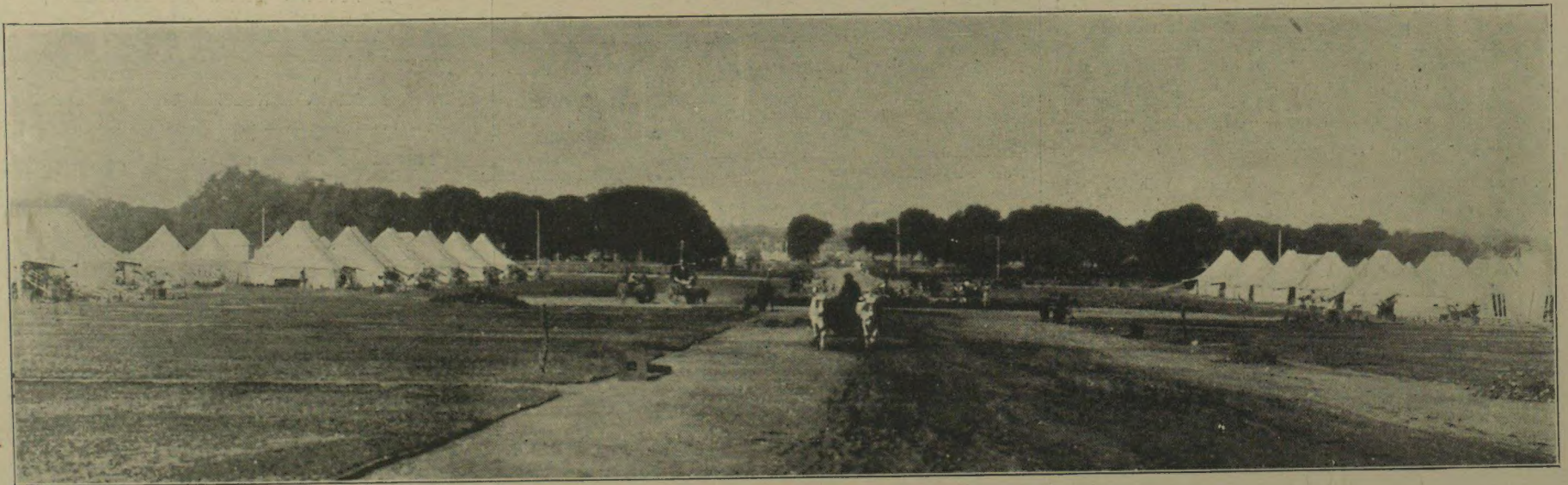
THE ACTUAL SCENE OF THE CEREMONY: THE AMPHITHEATRE
IN PROGRESS.



DELHI, OLD AND NEW: ANCIENT TOMBS AND MODERN TENTS.



THE BOMBAY CAMP.



PART OF THE VICEROY'S CAMP.

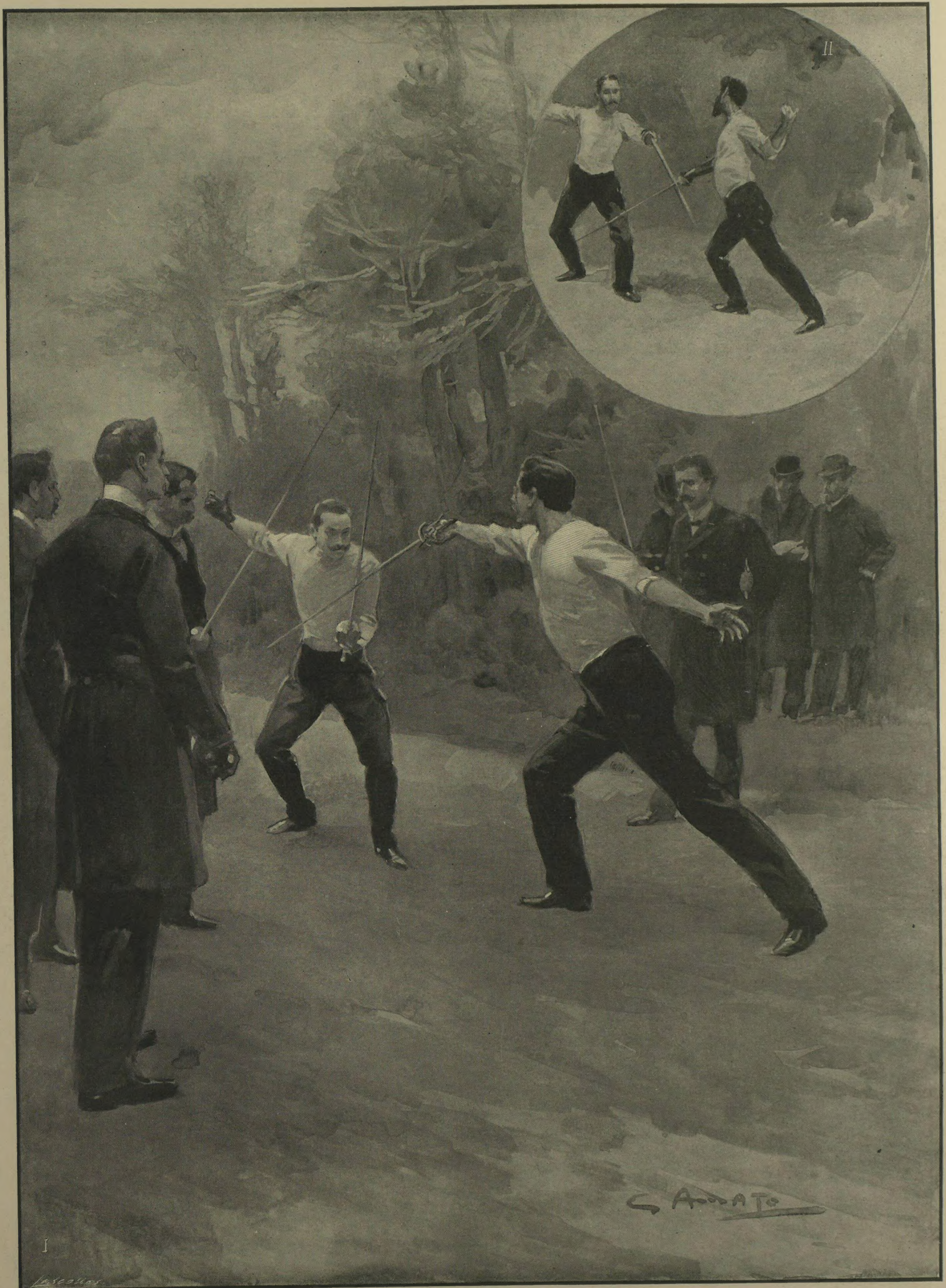
The ground upon which the Durbar camp is being prepared covers no less than forty square miles, and will, during the days of the ceremony, when all the representatives are assembled, be a veritable microcosm of our Indian Empire.

THE INTERNATIONAL DUEL BETWEEN FRENCH AND ITALIAN FENCING MASTERS AT NICE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NICE.

Mérignac.

Pessina.



Kirchoffer.

Vega.

1. THE FIRST ENCOUNTER: MONS. KIRCHOFFER V. SIGNOR VEGA.

2. THE SECOND ENCOUNTER: MONS. MÉRIGNAC V. SIGNOR PESSINA.

In both encounters, fought on December 18, the Italian was defeated, and the quiet French style was thus proved superior to the florid Italian method.

(FOR DETAILS, SEE PAGE 979.)

A REHEARSAL OF THE "WILD WEST" SHOW.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



ALFRED THE GREAT IN DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



PRINCESS ZEBUDA
(Miss Lillah McCarthy).

ALFRED
(Mr. Wilson Barrett).

ELSWITHA
(Miss Edyth Latimer).

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CHRISTIAN KING," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, DECEMBER 18: SCENE FROM ACT IV.—ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP.

(SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")

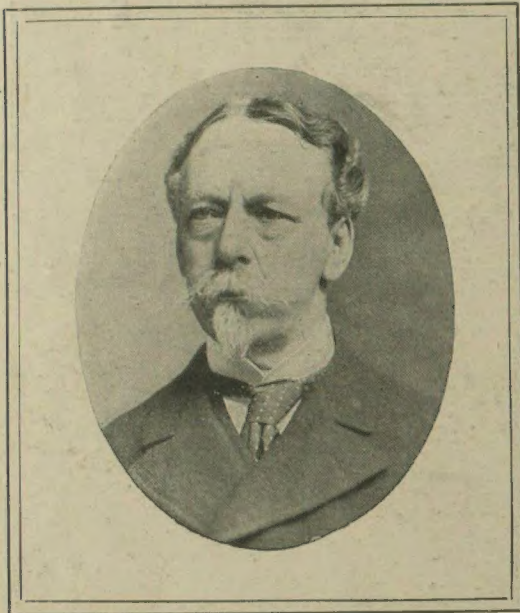
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ASSOUAN DAM.

The Egyptian mail brings us material for illustrating the opening of the Assouan Dam. It will be remembered that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the members of their suite, the Khedive, and the specially invited guests, left Assouan for the east end of the dam by train at three o'clock on Dec. 10, proceeding along the dam on special trollies. When the party had reached the reserved enclosure at the west end, by the side of the navigation-lock, Hussein Fakhry Pasha, Minister of Public Works, read an address to the Khedive, who, in replying, reminded his hearers that the Duke of Connaught laid the first stone, and asked the Duchess to lay the last. This her Royal Highness did, declaring the stone well and truly laid, and the Duke, pulling a switch, opened the lock-gate. After an address by his Royal Highness, the Khedive then started the motors which open the sluices. The royal party subsequently proceeded in two steamers through the locks.

THE RESIGNATION OF LORD CURRIE.

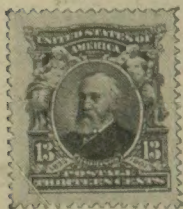
In view of his continued ill-health, which renders it imperative for him to exceed the extension of leave already granted him, Lord Currie has placed his resignation of the Embassy at Rome in the hands of Lord Lansdowne. The retiring Ambassador began his



Photo, Russell.

THE RETIRING BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ROME: HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CURRIE.

diplomatic career as a junior clerk in the Foreign Office in 1854, and was soon sent to St. Petersburg as a member of the Legation Staff, returning in 1857 to take up a position as précis-writer. Six years later he was attached to Lord Wodehouse's special Mission to the King of Denmark; afterwards becoming an acting second secretary. In 1874 he was appointed senior clerk. In 1876 he acted as secretary to Lord Salisbury's special Embassy to Constantinople; in 1878 was secretary to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury during the Berlin Congress; and in 1881 was secretary to Lord Northampton's Mission for the investiture of King Alfonso XII. of Spain with the Garter. In 1884 Lord Currie was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs; in 1889, Permanent Under-Secretary; in 1893, Ambassador to Constantinople; and in 1898 Ambassador to Rome. He received the C.B. upon his return from the Berlin Congress; became Sir Philip Currie in 1885, and Lord Currie in 1899. Shortly after going to Constantinople, he married Mrs. Singleton, well known as "Violet Fane."



THE FIRST U.S. 13-CENT STAMP.

TWO NEW STAMPS.

Of the two new stamps illustrated on this page, that of the United States is principally designed to frank registered letters to Europe, and is the first 13-cent stamp to be issued in America, though specimens of the same value are to be found in the issues of Hawaii, Seychelles, and Salvador. It bears the head of President Harrison. Bermuda's latest issue gives in place of the Queen's head, which its stamps have previously borne, or the effigy of King Edward, a view of the Dockyard. Both specimens are sent to us by Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market, Limited, Norwood.

A PORTABLE TELEPHONE FOR FIREMEN.

The act of the London County Council in providing the Metropolitan Fire Brigade with a portable telephone is certainly a step in the right direction, and should be the means of preventing a good deal of needless



Photo, Illustrated Press Bureau.

MADAME MELBA'S RETURN TO HER BIRTHPLACE: THE PRIMA DONNA PRESENTED WITH AN ADDRESS BY EMPLOYÉS AT CAVEHILL, LILYDALE, AUSTRALIA.

Upon her arrival at Lilydale, Madame Melba was met by a carriage procession and a cavalcade, and was escorted home through a triumphal arch bearing the motto, "Australia's gifted daughter."

"turning out" of engines and escapes. On each of the new fire-alarm posts erected by the Council a telephonic attachment will be fixed, and similar apparatus is being fitted to the old alarms. By connecting a hand-instrument to this the men will be able to communicate with any fire-station.

DURBAR PREPARATIONS.

Writing from Delhi on Nov. 26 a correspondent says: One has only to arrive at the railway station here to see that something unusual is going on in the ancient Mogul capital. Additions are in progress at the station itself, and the platforms are crowded with goods. Outside, the coolie has his bundles waiting to be taken to his working quarters, and forlorn-looking women are left in charge. Tents are in every compound, and streams of vehicles are hurrying along the Alipore road to the camp. Fares are already doubled, and even the springless "ekha" is to be allowed to charge ten rupees a day during the Durbar time. The barouche, or "fitton," as the native calls it, will cost forty rupees a day, the usual charge being four rupees. The writer discovered a neat-looking conveyance drawn by a stout pony; the driver of which knew the way to the camp, but nothing more, as he had only just come from Quetta with his vehicle as a speculation; so it was with every native one questioned—information could only be got from worried-looking "sahibs" who might be superintending some work or other. The camp will cover forty square miles when all the troops and native chiefs have come in. We got no further than the camps arranged for the Viceroy and his guests, and those allotted to the chief officials of the various Presidencies and States. The Viceroy's camp is practically all

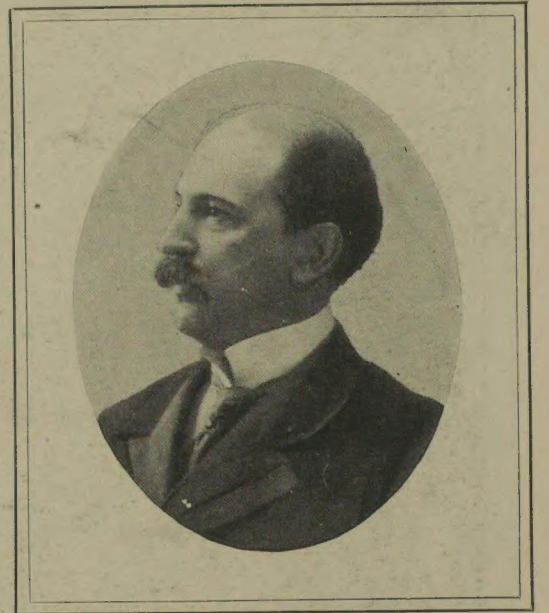


THE NEW PORTABLE TELEPHONE FOR FIREMEN, USED IN CONNECTION WITH STREET FIRE-ALARMS.

arranged, and the gardens are being laid out. Plenty of water and an Indian sun work marvels, and grass plots, only now being planted out, in six weeks at this season will look quite green. The light railway running all round the camp is nearly ready, with its neat little thatched wooden waiting-sheds; but everyone feels that he is working against time, and the "coolie" is profiting bravely. A man usually passing rich on seven rupees a month now gets fifteen or twenty. This rise in prices will no doubt be felt for some time, as the native does not see why prices, having once gone up, should again become normal. The art collection, a pet project of the Viceroy's, will be one of the most interesting features of the assemblage. The view from the flagstaff, on the historic Ridge, shows the vast extent covered by the various encampments.

VENEZUELA.

The threatened blockade of the Venezuelan ports by the Allied Fleets began on Dec. 20, and it was announced in despatches from New York that Venezuela had consented to accept the conditions of the joint ultimatum, and that she had named Mr. Bowen, the American Minister at Caracas, to act as arbitrator. The Minister, in the event of the State Department consenting, professed himself ready to undertake the task, always on the assumption that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy should desire him so to do. The



Photo, Grantham Bain.

A SUGGESTED ARBITRATOR ON THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY: MR. BOWEN, THE UNITED STATES MINISTER AT CARACAS.

question of arbitration is, of course, hedged about by the difficulty of a sufficient guarantee. Later despatches announce that President Roosevelt proposed to Britain, Germany, and Italy that the Hague Tribunal should act as arbitrator. To this the three Powers replied by suggesting that the President himself should undertake the duty—a difficult course, as the United States is interested financially in the decision. To avert bloodshed, Mr. Roosevelt would probably consent to act, deputing the task to a trained secretary.

THE RETURN OF "BUFFALO BILL."

Ten years ago Colonel Cody, famous as Buffalo Bill, was one of the lions of London with his marvellous exhibition, the "Wild West" Show. Boxing Day finds the return of this picturesque frontiersman, who is to conduct another realistic representation of life in the Wild West. On this occasion the performances are to take place at Olympia, and Colonel Cody will be supported once more by a picturesque band of Red Indian braves with their squaws and papooses. A prominent feature of the show will be a real Red Indian village inhabited by members of the Sioux tribe, some of whom actually took part in the last rebellion at Pine Ridge. There are also members of the Ogallala, Red Cloud's kinsfolk; of the Brules, whose tribal hero was Spotted Tail; and of Sitting Bull's people, the Uncanpapa. Colonel Cody will conduct his horsemen in their splendidly dexterous evolutions, and will once more lead them on to unrivalled feats of marksmanship. South America will be represented by Guachos, who throw the bolas with as great skill as the Vaqueros of Mexico throw the lasso. A realistic exhibition hailing from the United States must of necessity contain a scene from the Spanish-American War, and accordingly visitors to Olympia will see reproduced before their eyes the feats of President Roosevelt's Roughriders at San Juan Hill. The performers will include some of the actual fighters on that memorable day.



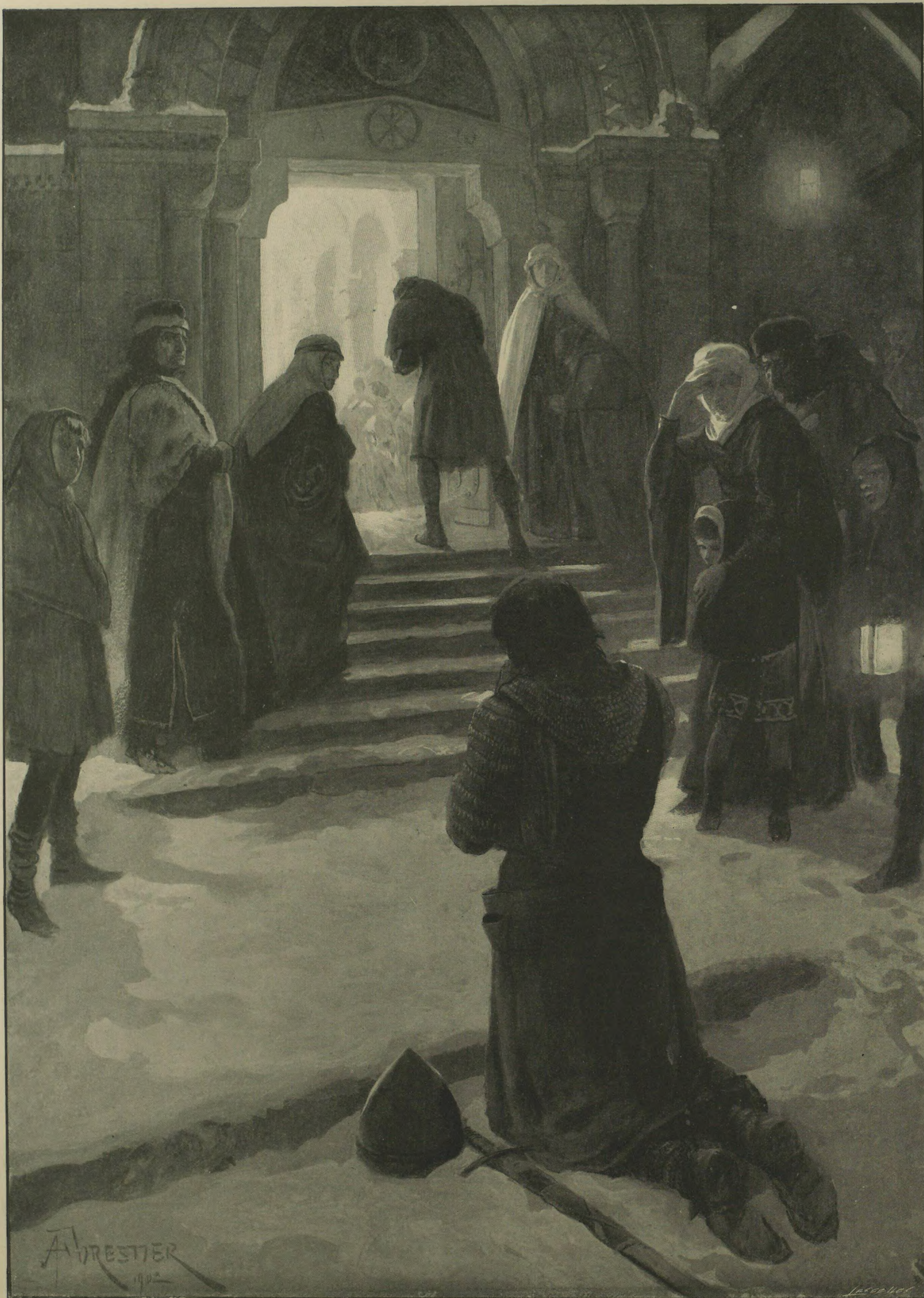
THE NEW BERMUDA STAMP.



Our roystering, pot-valiant friend
Has found a deadly foe,
And challenges the carven post,
To meet him blow for blow.

THE CHALLENGE.
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

But here's the watch; and as he prates
How on his foes he'll sup,
The Cavalier himself, and not
His glove, is taken up.



High Yuletide and the Midnight Mass!
The bells peal out for the Birthnight Feast:
Into the church the people pass,
Dame and warrior, child and priest.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY: 12TH CENTURY.
DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

But who is this lone, outcast man
Who dare not enter the holy place?
'Tis one whose crimes have set the ban
Of Holy Church 'twixt him and grace.



That reverend official mind,
The Verger of St. B.'s,
On Christmas morning hopes to find
In church a drowsy ease:

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY: 20TH CENTURY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

And counts it scandal and reproach
That churchgoers like "Snap"
Should with irreverent glee encroach
Upon his stolen nap.



A snow-wreathed craft,
A heavy sea—
An anxious trip
For mates and me.

THE SKIPPER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.

At home they feast
The hours away:
I splice the mainbrace
As I may.



"A health unto his Majesty!"
Come, drain the bumper dry.
And let the lute and song attend
With merry minstrelsy.

"HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!"
DRAWN BY G. H. EDWARDS.

We count him who this toast denies
A right disloyal fool;
For naught but folly would dispose
The good old King of Yule.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Youth. By Joseph Conrad. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)
The Last Alive. By J. Maclaren Cobban. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Winding Road. By Elizabeth Godfrey. (London: Lane. 6s.)
Highways and Byways in London. By Mrs. E. T. Cook. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (London: Methuen. 3s. 6d.)
On the Heels of De Wet. By The Intelligence Officer. (Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.)
John Lackland. By Kate Norgate. (London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

Of true imaginative writing there is not much in these days, though there is a prodigious quantity of romance. This is made up of incidents which do not appeal to the imagination at all, but excite a kind of feverish curiosity, of which the reader is often half ashamed. But Mr. Conrad works on a different plan, because he is a man of ideas. Take the story called "Youth," the first of the three stories that compose his new volume. It glows with the buoyancy of a youthful sailor, and the youthful sailor is probably younger by years than any landsman nominally of the same age. The youthful sailor is second mate of his aged barque, bound for Bangkok. It is always bound for Bangkok, with its ancient skipper and its ancient first mate, and it never gets there, but, after various mishaps, is burnt in mid-ocean by a spontaneous combustion of its cargo of coal. But nothing dashes the spirits of the second mate. His heart is set on Bangkok. No buffet of destiny mars his illusions. When the ship is left to burn and sink, he steers an open boat for Java, and then the glamour of the East takes hold of him. "I have known its fascination since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth." And the idea holds the reader with all the strength of imaginative presentation. In another story, "Heart of Darkness," we have the weird suggestion of a life in the African wilderness of a white trader who is worshipped by the natives as a god, though he has a mission from the "International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs." Irony, horror, glimpses of incredible degradation, give this narrative a haunting power. It is the power of an idea—the civilised intellect succumbing to savagery, while cheating itself with a hollow hypocrisy. Mr. Conrad is a master of the picturesque, and he has the sympathetic insight of one who has known human nature in many guises. Moreover, the quality of his work matures with every book.

The notion of a tontine has found favour with several novelists, but Mr. Cobban puts it to a new use when he makes a cynical millionaire leave his fortune to the one of five reputed friends who should be alive in fifteen years' time, with the proviso that if more than one were alive the money should go elsewhere. This idea provides a healthy groundwork of murder, and the author generously throws in a bigamous marriage, some kidnapping, a certain amount of amateur detective business, a peer whom a dose of prussic acid and subsequent immersion in the allaying Thames induce to take to driving a hansom for a livelihood, and other features of interest. The result is a fairly exciting novel. If it is a pity that the author of "The Angel of the Covenant" should write literature of this kind, at least he writes it much better than most of his rivals. His criminals are very cold-blooded, but then, cold blood is a much cleaner thing than the hot passions that we meet so frequently in fiction. We forgot to say that some of the incidents are a little improbable.

A gentle story, agreeably written, "The Winding Road" is yet somewhat unsatisfactory in its matter and manner. Phenice, the orphan girl, is wooed in her grandfather's farmhouse by Jasper—honest, poor, and a rover; but one cannot call the record a love-story. The gipsy blood in Jasper perpetually sings in his ear that "Invitation to the Road" to which Stevenson summoned the attention of verse-makers. After his marriage, with and without Phenice he traversed many lands and sailed many seas; but this is not a book of travel, or even of adventure. One does not know any more about whalers because Jasper went on one. Then the heroine joins the Roman Catholic Church, but we scarce know why, for there is nothing of controversy or of catechism here. Everything is a little irrelevant, even the influence of Chartres Cathedral and of the simple piety of one of its clergy. Between Jasper and Phenice too, no less than between author and readers, there were barriers and reticences. Phenice did not know what was her husband's religion; and, though she thought she saw him at Mass one morning, she did not ask him if it really was he. Her reserve on a point naturally very interesting to her is described as characteristic. When a baby comes, and its mother has to stay beside it, Jasper goes on a solitary wandering. He returns, after unexpected delay in a Constantinople prison, only in time to find his wife dead. His absence had put her into the fever that consumed her. She died from that need of a wish to live with which we are more familiar in literature than in life; and on the day of her death truant Jasper entered her chamber, saw her there, and took the little cross from her neck. It is characteristic of the author's manner that nobody saw him do this, and that the servants thought it must have been done by a burglar. But why should a burglar leave three snowdrops on

the dead woman's bosom? was the conclusive query of Jasper's aunt. An indefinite book, it leaves on the reader's mind an indefinable and unusual sense of liking for it.

In writing her excellent volume, Mrs. E. T. Cook has availed herself skilfully of a vast literature. She has the lore of London at her beck and call. History, biography, poetry, archæology, and art, she levies contributions on them all; and so thoroughly and sincerely has she entered into the spirit of the theme that there is not a page of padding. She has seen much with the eyes of others; but her own have not been idle. She knows her London, and with a keen and humorous observation lights up many a byway, and finds in the familiar highway a novel aspect. Nothing could be happier, for example, than the sketch of Mudie's. We see the helless flock of women who want something to read, but know not what, and have to be shepherded by the astute clerk, who prevents the simple-minded matron from reading the latest audacity, and sends her away content with a volume of Edna Lyall. Truly may it be said of that clerk at Mudie's that he has a cure of souls. There is an ancient hostelry, the George Inn, in Southwark, and the excellent ladies who carry on the business wonder why so many Americans take the trouble to visit a spot which still preserves associations of Chaucer's pilgrims. Visitors ask permission to make sketches. "Do I let them do it?" said one of the ladies in reply to questions. "Oh, yes! it doesn't matter to me. I suppose they may be going to put it in some book or some article; but it's nothing to me. I never read the article." Barclay and Perkins's brewery is on the site of the Globe Theatre—Shakspeare's Globe—and

antipathies, and take it upon themselves to protect a lonely woman and her child from unprincipled human foes. "Kroof," the she-bear aforesaid, is occasionally melodramatic in the exceeding timeliness of her appearances, but the atmosphere in which Miranda and her hard-working mother live must be held answerable for this. We find ourselves quite in sympathy with Dave, the trapper, who saw these things and failed to understand them. The fact is, the author has missed his mark. The story is too extravagant for the grown-ups, who demand of improbability that it shall by artistic treatment wear the guise of the possible; and it is not written in a style that would make it suitable for the children, to whom otherwise Miranda would appeal.

We have a ready-made welcome for "On the Heels of De Wet," having read it as it appeared in serial form. The book is one of the best that has been written on the war, affording a peculiarly vivid and detailed picture of the blind-man's-buff business which kept our troops in the field so long. "The Intelligence Officer" is the most fearless of critics, and his comments on the mistakes which contributed to prolongation of the war have very real value. In one matter only we cannot go with him: he is vehement in condemning the system whereby an incompetent senior can fester a bold and far-seeing junior officer—pardonably vehement, for he demonstrates that his brigadier would have brought De Wet to bay had the General in command allowed him his own way. Warfare being the only true test of competence, it is inevitable that during long peace incompetence should occasionally find its way into high places; but if the competent junior is to set his senior at naught in the field, there is an end, not only of combined action, but of discipline. Nevertheless, in the present case, our sympathies are wholly with the energetic and philosophical column-commander who had "The Intelligence Officer" on his staff.

Popular opinion is perhaps unjust to King John in one thing. He was certainly the wickedest of English Kings, but by no means the most contemptible. Ungrateful and treacherous from youth upwards, even to his father and to his brother Richard before he came to the throne himself, he was believed afterwards to be the murderer of his nephew, whose eyes he actually gave orders to put out, though he could get no agent to execute the atrocious commission. The life he led as King was one of untiring energy, of unblushing perfidy, and of remorseless cruelty. He cared nothing about going back upon his word, nor about undergoing a profitable humiliation, as when he made himself vassal to the Pope. He trusted no man, but was feared by all. The best thing about him was that in his selfishness he secured generally the goodwill of the trading classes, and that in his difficulties he had at one time recourse to a device which contained within it the germ of the future House of Commons. Miss Norgate presents us here with a very careful study of his whole career, which will henceforth, we imagine, be the authoritative book upon the subject. The story is not a little complicated; but the King was spurred on to ceaseless effort not merely by his quarrel with the Barons, but by his relations with Philip of France, and the necessity of defending his interests in Normandy, Anjou, and Gascony. The Pope was another factor in these matters; and the clergy at home, who did not always side with the Pope, contributed still further to the variety of influences at work. The most curious part of the story, perhaps, is that relating to the Papal interdict, which Miss Norgate relates not precisely in the same way as other historians have done. The King met the interdict by a wholesale confiscation of the goods of the clergy, in which the Barons easily acquiesced; and we hear nothing in this volume of those awful consequences—church bells silent, dead unburied, and so forth, which we presume ought to have followed, and which Mr. Green declares actually did follow. No; the King took

it quite easily, and was not disturbed even by his own personal excommunication afterwards, which he took care should never be published in England. He held high feast at Christmas with all his nobles. The Welsh Princes came and did him homage at Woodstock; and next year he crossed to Ireland, and brought both that country and Scotland under his power. He only lost his territories beyond sea, and his attempt to recover them afterwards by an ably planned coalition with the Emperor Otto was defeated at Bouvines. After all, he got the Pope on his side by handing over his kingdom to the see of Rome, from which he was content to hold it as the Pope's vassal. To do so cost him nothing, and made it the Holy Father's interest to protect him against his Barons. The act seems to have been one of mere policy; no pressure is known to have been put upon him from Rome, and he himself professed to have done it voluntarily as an act of penance—a penance, no doubt, most convenient for himself. How the Pope supported him afterwards and actually quashed the Great Charter, wrung from him by the Barons, is well known. But the work of Stephen Langton was not to be undone, for all that. There is one thing which we certainly regret in this very admirable little volume—the absence of an analytical table of contents. A historical treatise which has neither this adjunct nor a set of marginal notes to mark the course of the narrative is not so useful a book as it otherwise would be; for a true history is not meant to be read like a novel, but to be studied, and the real student ought to be enabled to refer backwards and forwards by every possible means. The index, indeed, is a very good one; but an index does not by any means supply all the aid that is requisite.



A VANISHING LONDON THOROUGHFARE: WYCH STREET.

Reproduced from "Highways and Byways in London," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

may be said fitly to keep up Sir Toby Belch's tradition of cakes and ale. That should be noted by some American visitor for "some article." If he should stroll into the church of St. Helen's, and be struck by the inscription "Julius Caesar" on a tomb, he may gather from Mrs. Cook's pages the useful reminder that this Julius Caesar was not an Emperor, but an alderman. There is little indeed that Mrs. Cook overlooks. Above all, she has a genuine passion for our great unwieldy city, finds beauty in its very soot, and will hear no word against its monuments. She walks reverently in the footsteps of Dickens, the greatest chronicler London has ever had, and shows his spirit in nothing so much as in her studies of the poor. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations are excellent.

The achievements of Miranda "In the Heart of the Ancient Wood," whither the persecution of scandal-mongers has driven her mother to seek peace and seclusion, inevitably recalls those of Mowgli "In the Rukh"; but we must confess that Mr. Roberts's child-heroine is a less convincing personality than Mr. Kipling's creation. Giving due weight to the fascinating influences of the girl's fearless simplicity and her red neck-ribbon, we cannot but feel that they accomplish overmuch when they win for her, in the moment of need, the affectionate protection of a she-bear—who, by-the-bye, was only deprived of her cub a day or two previously. If, however, we accept this little incident, the rest is easy enough: a child with whom a grizzly establishes relations so agreeable may well exchange visits with wapiti, caribou, and lynx, receiving them as guests in her mother's cabin; and animals welcomed on this friendly footing exhibit only proper feeling when they lay aside mutual



AT THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.



GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

DRAWN BY HERBERT GANDY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The jubilee of Lord Lister's entrance into the profession of medicine was celebrated appropriately by the medical journals. In December 1852 Lord Lister became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. He graduated in medicine in the University of London in the same year. Most fitting it is that not medical science alone, but science at large as applied to the investigation of life and its ways, should hail this jubilee with acclamation, and that from every quarter of the world should come sincere wishes that Lord Lister may be spared for many years to adorn his profession. That which science is doing to-day is to congratulate the veteran surgeon on attaining his jubilee after a life of onerous work, and by reason of his fidelity to the highest traditions of a noble profession. Still more will science acclaim the occasion because of Lister's services to the cause of suffering humanity. To him is due the saving of life through the adoption of scientific practice worked out by the application of scientific principle. Through the ages, Lister's name will be mentioned with the names of Newton and Darwin.

I have a certain personal interest in the Lister Jubilee. I was a student of medicine in Edinburgh when Professor Syme, Lord Lister's father-in-law, was the Regius Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University. These were the days of medical giants. Sir J. Y. Simpson, of chloroform fame, was Professor of Midwifery, Hughes Bennett was Professor of Physiology, Spence sat in the chair of Systematic Surgery, and Sir Robert Christison, then a veteran, was Professor of Materia Medica. The genial Allman taught us natural history, and John Hutton Balfour was Professor of Botany. The extra-mural medical school was also strong in its talent. Handyside was the rival of Goodsir (and, later on, of Sir William Turner) in anatomical teaching; Sir Henry Littlejohn (now inside the University walls) taught medical jurisprudence; Arthur Gamgee lectured on physiology; Haldane instructed us in physic; and their colleagues were all able and enthusiastic teachers in a school where, later on, I had the honour to teach comparative anatomy. Such, briefly detailed, was the Edinburgh Medical School of these days.

Joseph Bell, still to the fore, lectured on surgery, and was Syme's hospital assistant; and Thomas Annandale, now occupying Syme's chair, remains, happily, to us all, as a representative teacher. Syme I remember well; the portrait of him in the *British Medical Journal* is excellent. The shepherd-check trousers and tie, the dress coat, he as often as not wore, were characteristics to us of one of the greatest of surgeons and kindest of men. When Syme vacated his chair, Lord Lister succeeded him. Then came a revolution old Edinburgh students well remember. Lister had been engaged in research, which practically concerned, among other things, the cause of suppuration in wounds. The surgeon to-day gets his wounds to heal by "first intention"—that is to say, the healing process goes on sweetly from the first. The formation of "matter," indicates a reverse process. Lister's aim was the discovery of the causes of the non-healing phases, which resulted often in tedious recovery, and perhaps as often in blood-poisoning (we called it surgical fever and pyæmia in those days) and death.

I well recollect the advent of Lister. Anything more revolutionary could hardly have been conceived. Everything had to be "disinfected," from the surgeon's hands and patient to the instruments. A spray of carbolic acid solution was kept playing on the patient during the operation, and it was by a kind of joke of the day that the spray-pump was called the "donkey-engine," from a presumed cynical reference to the students who worked it. This joke, I fancy, came from the upper wards of the old Royal Infirmary, where there was a good deal of sneering at the innovations from Glasgow, whence Lister had come to occupy Syme's chair. But the end justified the means. Lister had successes such as had not been chronicled before as statutory results. He demonstrated what to-day is the principle of antiseptic surgery—that if you succeed in keeping the microbes of suppuration out of a wound you will heal it up directly. How much mankind owes to Lister to-day needs no telling from me.

My late friend Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, used to decry Listerism. He alleged, what was perfectly true, that if you swept away the particular soil in which microbes grew, you prevented the suppuration in wounds as effectively as if you prevented their access thereto. This was only an application of the great doctrine of cleanliness that now rules all surgical proceedings. I used to point out to Tait that he was directly indebted to Lister for his own practice. If nobody had demonstrated the fact of microbic infection of wounds as the cause of suppuration, it is more than probable Tait's own practice would never have been evolved. It is, in fact, immaterial whether you exclude microbes or do away with that which forms their breeding-soil. To Lister is due the credit of showing the lines on which both practices could be successfully carried out.

Of course, the germ theory of disease lies at the root of all this modern advance in surgery and in other departments of science as well. The way for Listerism had been marked out from the days of Francesco Redi and Spallanzani, and had been outlined and defined later on by Pasteur. But it was the genius of Lister that saw in all these things an application to surgery whereof nobody had dreamt before. To his life-work remains the credit of discerning the practical outcome of the researches that show our air as a strabot of microbes. Therefore it is that to him we may well award the laurel crown, and attest him as a benefactor of our race.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3051 and 3052 received from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of Nos. 3053 and 3054 from P. N. Banerji (Dhar, India) and Richard Burke (Ceylon); of No. 3057 from C. W. Porter (Crawley); of No. 3058 from Marco Salem (Bologna), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and C. W. Porter (Crawley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3059 received from J. W. (Campbell), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Shadforth, Clement C. Danby, Reginald Gordon, J. D. Tucker (Hikley), Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Damania, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Drew (Leeds), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), R. Worters (Canterbury), and Charles Burnett.

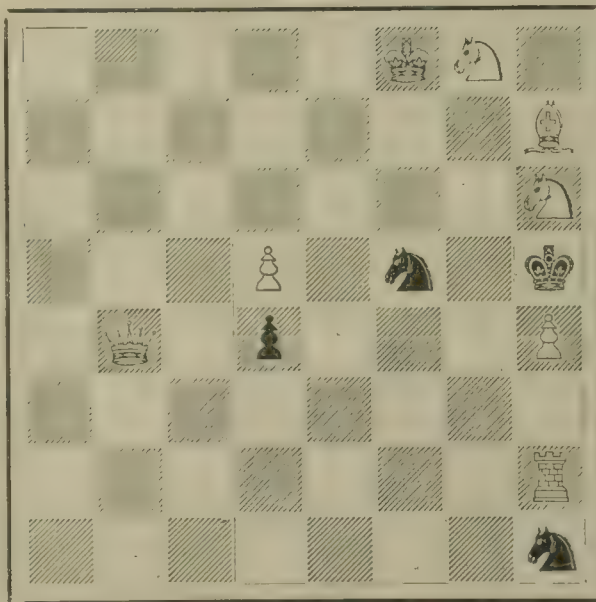
CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played in Birmingham between Messrs. F. McCarthey and W. W. Perry on the one side and Messrs. W. B. Alldritt and P. Brown on the other. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Messrs. C. & P.)	BLACK (Messrs. A. & B.)	WHITE (Messrs. C. & P.)	BLACK (Messrs. A. & B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to K 4th	R takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	White threatened to win by Q to Q 4th (ch), so P to Q 4th was of no avail. Now, however, the advance of the Kt to Q 6th proves very effective.	
4. Castles	Kt takes P	18. Kt to Q 6th	R to B sq
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	19. B to B 4th	Q to K 4th
6. P takes P		20. Q R to K sq	P to Q sq
White has here a number of plausible moves, including Q to K 2nd, R to K sq, P to Q 5th, Kt takes P, etc. The move adopted turns out well, but is not commonly played.		21. Kt to K 8th	Q to Q 3rd
7. Q to Q 5th	Castles	22. Q to B 3rd (ch)	B to B 3rd
	Kt to Kt 4th	23. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
8. Kt to Kt 5th, B takes Kt; 9. B takes Q takes B; 10. Q takes Kt, etc., as in some of M. Tschigorin's games. It will be observed that the text-move is well answered by P to K 6th, threatening a piece.		This, of course, loses; but if R takes Kt, White wins also by R to K 8th (ch). As the Black allies omitted to play the Queen's Pawn in the opening and release the Queen's side pieces, they were playing a hopeless game. It is worth noting how utterly helpless their Rook and Bishop are after the ensuing exchanges.	
9. P takes Kt	B takes B	24. R to K 8th	Q takes Q
10. P takes P (ch)	K to R sq	25. R takes R (ch)	K to K 2nd
		26. R to Kt 8th (ch)	K to B 3rd
If R takes P, 11. B to B 4th gives White a clear advantage.		27. P takes Q	P takes B
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	28. R to Kt sq	P to Q 4th
12. Q to R 5th	P to K Kt 3rd	29. P to B 4th	P to K R 3rd
13. Q to R 6th	Kt to B 4th	30. K to B 2nd	P to Q R 4th
14. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd	31. R to Kt 6th	R to R 3rd
15. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to R 5th	32. R takes R	B takes R
		33. R to Q R 8th	B to Kt 2nd
		34. R takes P	Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 3061.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3058.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Kt 6th P to K 5th
2. Kt to Kt 3rd P to K 6th or R 7th
3. Q to Kt 5th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, 2. K to K 2nd, K takes P, 3. Kt mates.

CHESS IN LANCASHIRE.

Game played between Mr. C. COATES and Mr. A. RUTHERFORD in the match Liverpool v. Manchester. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C., Manchester).	BLACK (Mr. R., Liverpool).	WHITE (Mr. C., Manchester).	BLACK (Mr. R., Liverpool).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White overlooked that this could be met by pretty sacrifices, which practically secured Black the game. He could have played Kt takes P or Kt to B 5th without any immediate loss.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P takes Kt	Kt to Kt 5th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th	15. P takes P	P takes P
A move favoured by Mr. Bird, but hardly satisfactory. It finds little credit with experts, and has few points of interest.		16. Kt to B 5th	Q takes Kt
4. B to R 4th		17. P to Kt Kt 3rd	Q to K 3rd
B to B 4th appears best here. Nevertheless, Black's continuation is not to be commended, seeing that he gets the worst kind of so-called Pawn mating, that on Rook's file.		18. Q to K 2nd	Castles Q R
5. Kt takes Kt	P to Q Kt 4th	19. P takes P	P to K B 4th
6. Kt to K 2nd	P takes B	20. B to Kt 5th	R takes P at Q 4
It is odd that White did not play the superior Kt to K B 3rd—a most important point.		21. Kt takes R	B takes Kt (ch)
7. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. K to R 2nd	R to R 4th
8. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	23. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 5th
Black now begins to take over the attack, which proves sound and good.		24. P takes P	P takes P
9. P to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th	25. R takes P	R takes B
10. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th	26. R to B 8th (ch)	
11. Castles	B to Kt 3rd (ch)	The answer to 26. P takes R is B to K 6th; 27. R to B 8th (ch), K to Q 2nd; 28. Q to K sq, Q to K 4th (ch); 29. Q to Kt 3rd, Q takes P, and wins.	
12. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd	26. Q takes R	K to Q 2nd
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th	27. K to Kt 3rd	Q to K 7th (ch)
14. P to K R 4th		28. K to B 4th	Q to K 7th (ch)
		29. K to B 4th	Q to B 6th (ch)
		30. K to K 5th	Q to K 7th (ch)

The third Monte Carlo International Tournament will take place early next year. It will be a two-round competition, and Messrs. Pillsbury, Lasker, Schlechter, Janowski, and others have been invited to attend the meeting.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider column articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

WASSAIL NIGHT.

BY NORA CRESSON.

"Enter Wassail like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl drest with ribbands and rosemary before her." So said Ben Jonson; but Wassail now, poor lass, is drawing near the door with averted face, and her ribbands all are faded. Young maids go singing from door to door no more, carrying wassail-bowls in their hands, filled full with that mighty and mystic stuff called lamb's wool—a mixture of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs—

Good dame, here at your door
Our wassail we begin;
We all are maidens poor,
We pray now let us in
With our wassail.

A jolly wassail-bowl,
A wassail of good ale;
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale—
Our jolly wassail.

The wassail-bowl was great and deep in rich houses, and filled to the brim with spiced wine, and a fine kind of bread was baked to be eaten with it. In Cumberland, children instead of maids go from house to house a-carolling wassail, but they carry no bowl, and instead of money, they do but look for mince pies. Some of the customs on Old Year's Eve—as some paradoxically choose to call New Year's Eve—intimately recall the customs most employed and enjoyed at Hallowe'en. For instance, the white of an egg is carefully poured into a tumbler of water by inquisitive maidens, and the ultimate disposition of the albumen is anxiously observed. Does it settle down into mere coils and whorls of filmy threads, the inquirer's husband will be a rope-maker, or may possibly live to be hanged; does it loop itself up into castellated form, the maid will marry nobly; does it hang suspended in mid-water, 'tis a shroud, and my lady will be soon made a widow. And so on. The wind, too, is eagerly observed, in its blowing where it listeth on New Year's Eve. Does it blow west, there will be great herring harvests; south, there will be a hot summer and a short winter; north, the spring will be shifty and the summer short; east, there will be much fruit on the trees. Moreover, there are those who put food and drink outside the door that the good people may eat and drink and enter neither weary nor hungry upon the New Year that holds out for them no prospect of any change. The good people have no portion at church or by the hearth at Christmas; "then . . . no fairy takes or witch has power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the time." But wassail night is a different season altogether, much more pagan in its essence; and on wassail night our forefathers and foremothers felt it behoved to be on good terms with those strong house-spirits, field-sprites, and water-people who, according to one tradition, are the ancient gods of old days, forgotten of their most zealous worshippers, or the outcast angels who fought beside Lucifer against God, and fell when that Son of the Morning dashed downwards like a falling star.

Girls tying up their hair with new ribbons on this night cut off an inch or two, and left it on the hearth to please that household brownie, Hob-bie-by-the-Fire. Farmers making repairs or alterations in cow-stall or stable to-day left a few new nails lying about, or a handful of oats, in order that Lubberkin might not play pranks with the calving cows or ride the horses at night into a lather. Dairymaids in the Cornish countryside put aside cups of milk for Joan-o'-the-Wad, the West-country Will-o'-the-Wisp, a pretty young girl who runs about byres and ricks with a torch in her hand, protecting them from fire—if their owners have recognised her power to injure, as well as to protect.

From time immemorial Scotsmen have observed New Year's Eve under the title of Hogmanay, a term baffling to philologists, who talk vaguely of the Druids and also suggest dim Saxon roots. At the stroke of twelve, neighbours run into neighbours' houses bearing good cheer in a bottle, for this is the Caledonian substitute for wassail deep. In Old Edinburgh this festival was attended by terrible orgies, resulting in brawls and even bloodshed. Nowadays the festivity seldom goes beyond genial hilarity, and the "first footing," as this house-to-house visitation is called, is the signal for much friendliness and cordial interchange of good wishes. It is important for luck in the New Year that a dark man should be the first to cross the threshold. Another curious superstition is the rush to get the "cream of the well"—that is, the first draught of water after the clock has struck midnight. The North Briton carries his enthusiasm intact to the Metropolis, and brings in the New Year with the skirl of pipes and drinking of whisky under the august shadow of St. Paul's dome itself.

In Denmark, the wassailers hang up a great bough of mistletoe over their doorways in order that any wandering ones may come in who please, and be sure of a hearty welcome; and there are legends current of hospitable souls who, on such a night, have entertained the Prince of the Powers of the Air himself, and been not a penny the worse for their hospitality in soul or body of them. Angels go about on wassail night disguised as carollers, according to a tradition common to Styria and Galicia, and woe betide those who "refuse to take them in and give them the bit and drop, and the little wee place to lay their heads in"! And in an English folk-story, Death is set free this night from all his manifold duties, and may go about the world like any ordinary man, unknown for the separator and severer that he is. But whoever he challenges to drink with him *last* is marked for death within the year, as surely as the woodman's notch marks the tree that shall be next cut down.

But the custom that stays longest and touches most hearts is, I think, that sets the house-door open on the stroke of twelve, and "Auld Lang Syne" is sung while men and women hold each other by the hands. Then the bells chime midnight, and the first foot crosses the threshold, and there's an end to rites and ceremonies, for the New Year's at the door.



Come, tune up, my guests in captivity;
Scrape and blow and carol a stave!
Help us to keep the Feast of Nativity
Royally here in our snow-bound cave.

WAITS IN TRIBULATION: A SONG FOR RANSOM.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

Should my merry men praise your dexterity,
Likely as not I'll set you free;
Should you play false, you'll rue your temerity,
Dancing on naught from the nearest tree.

LADIES' PAGE.

How to amuse children's parties is the question that interests innumerable mothers and big sisters at the present moment. In some families so many youngsters are at home from school at once that they make a party of themselves, and the problem is a diurnally recurring



AN EVENING COAT IN SILK AND LACE.

one. A portion of many evenings can be pleasantly spent in ordinary dancing, where the dining-room is large enough for the purpose. Children really are fond of dancing; not set and formal children's balls, but the actual rhythmical exercise of their lithe active forms to the accompaniment of bright, merry music. The more boys there are in the family party, the more desirous it is to set them dancing; not only because it works off some of their superfluous energy, the energy which diffuses itself over a dozen sports in summer, but has too little outlet in the winter when skating is not possible; but, besides that, it is a good thing to teach boys how to dance before they arrive at the gauche and self-conscious Eton-jacket age. Young men do not really dislike dancing, but owing to the frequent neglect to teach boys this art in their earliest years, before they are big enough to feel themselves foolish over their learners' blunders, a large proportion of them are unable to dance as young men, when it would be really an advantage to them in society to be thoroughly at ease in this direction. America, the home of novelties, sends us some new dances from time to time, almost always of rather a romping character. The Barn Dance, which is thoroughly at home now in this country, is to be supplemented this year by the popular American Cake Walk, which is a kind of promenade rather than a dance, with an interlude of stately bows to the cake as well as to the partners in the dance, which gives the diversion a little of the grace of the old minuet and pavane. New fashions like this come in from year to year, but the boys and girls who begin to dance at home while they are quite small have no difficulty in picking up the changes of style in their teens. Meantime they will thoroughly enjoy the home dances.

Everybody knows the time-honoured favourites in games, such as Family Coach, Dumb Crambo, and Musical Chairs. There is a new way of playing Hunt the Thimble, which is an amusing revelation of how difficult it is to see what is actually under your nose. All the party but one person go out of the room, and the one left in it alone places a silver thimble somewhere in the room where it can be seen without the necessity of moving anything at all; it may be placed high up on a picture-frame or a gas-bracket, or it may be put low down on the bottom shelf of the book-case, or on a hassock, or even inside the fender or on the hearth-rug; the one indispensable circumstance is that it shall be visible without anything having to be touched. The party outside come in when called for in a troop, and scatter themselves about the room, not touching anything, but looking around amidst the bric-à-brac for the thimble, and as each individual perceives it he or she quietly

sits down. It is most amusing, first to the hider and then to those who have discovered the little object, to see the rest of the young folks hunting aimlessly about the room, not noticing perhaps for several minutes a good-sized object which there is nothing to prevent them from seeing at a glance.

Sitting-down games are welcome after romps. The Geography game, which consists of each person in the party putting down as many names of towns, mountains, rivers, etc., as he can remember, beginning with each letter of the alphabet in succession, a fixed time being allowed for each letter, is more amusing than might appear, and instructive to some degree also. There are two or three ways of playing games which require and also improve a little knowledge of history. One of the players thinks of a character in history, and the others have to discover who it is by asking questions, to which only either "yes" or "no" may be answered. It is much easier to discover the person intended in this way than might at first be supposed. This game may also be played under the title of "A Man and an Object": in this case two players leave the room and settle between themselves for the one to personate some character, and the other some article connected with the same individual. This need not be a historical character, but may be King Edward and his Crown, or Lord Roberts and his sword, or even Jones the coachman and his gloves, or the family gardener and a head of celery. Another variation is for one player to have a name of an historical character affixed to his back without his seeing it, and then to find out by questions whom he personates. "Am I a man?" "Am I living?" and so on.

Drawing comes into a good many games; it does not matter how rough-and-ready the performance is, for those who can contribute charming little sketches to the proceedings give interest only of a different kind to their fellow-players from that provided by those who cannot put two strokes together rationally. Drawing can be applied to a history game, either English or Greek or Scripture, or any other series of events. The party sit round the table with pencil and paper, and each draws a scene from the period of history chosen; then the sketches are taken one by one, and the others guess or perceive the incident depicted. If the story is a little difficult or out-of-the-way, so much the better. One young person of my acquaintance made quite a success at a party with a picture of "Lord Mansfield in the House of Lords defending himself from a charge of corruption."

A game which I first saw played by a party of Germans, none of them very young, and some of them very distinguished, and which proves amusing always, is this: a well-known song with a chorus is chosen, the whole party sing aloud together the first line, and then all are silent and sing only in their minds the verse, starting forth singing again as loudly as possible the moment they come to the chorus; then silently singing the next verse and the chorus aloud, and so on to the end. The fun consists in the extreme difference of time which develops itself in the minds of the various singers, so that the chorus begins not simultaneously, but by one after the other, with a most comical effect. "Russian Scandal," where some little story is whispered from one person to another all round the room, the last one telling it out loud so that all may hear the differences that have been made in it as it is passed on, is not a game for very small children, but is rather amusing to those of more growth. A development of this has been recently invented by a well-known artist for a party of his brother workers; he drew a rather elaborate sketch which the man sitting next to him was allowed to look at for thirty seconds, and then had to reproduce as far as he could remember it, he then showing what he had done for the same space of time to his neighbour. The difference that appeared in the original idea in its passage round the party was extraordinary and interesting; but this game obviously presupposes at least a moderate amount of skill in the use of the pencil.

The favourite game on shipboard, "Putting in the Pig's Eye," can be played in two ways. One is for the person making the trial to draw a profile pig, and then close his eyes, or turn his head away, and put the pig's eye in on the table; but what is much more amusing is to have a large roughly drawn image of a pig pinned up against the door, and let each boy and girl be provided in turn with a blue pencil, and, having their eyes bandaged, and being set straight in front of the pig at the other end of the room, left to walk up as directly as possible to the picture, and put the eye where they fancy it should be. Shrieks of laughter greet this diversion in a nursery party, for one eye will appear on the end of the tail and another will be apparently intended to browse upon, and if there be many playing, the entire animal will chance to be spotted like a leopard before the whole of the efforts are over. A variation of the same idea is to put a lighted candle in a candlestick on the sideboard or the mantelshelf, and send each player blindfolded to blow it out; the spectacle of a stalwart youth vigorously puffing away a couple of yards from the candlestick delights his young brothers and sisters immensely. A simple trick which causes much fun is this: place a piano-stool on the floor close to the wall or door, and let the player stand just twice the length of the stool away from the wall, then stoop down so that his back becomes almost horizontal, and press the top of his head against the wall; he then takes hold of the stool with both hands, one on each side; then invite him to lift up the stool without moving his head, and to stand straight upright, still holding the stool. The fact that he cannot do it will surprise him

very much, and every boy there will feel sure that he is able to achieve the feat until he personally tries.

The newest shoes for evening wear are trimmed with large and exquisitely made flowers to harmonise with those upon the gown. A huge pink rose sprinkled with diamond dew-drops set upon the front of a satin shoe reminds one of the big rosettes with which men used to trim their shoes in Jacobean times. An exhibition was held at the Royal Academy one winter a few years ago of the collection of portraits made by James the First's great admiral, Sir Francis Vere, of his friends and comrades-in-arms, and those who had fought under his near relatives. It was most amusing to see those stern and stalwart old warriors so adorned, with their huge trunk hose, making them as wide as hogsheads from the waist to the knee, and then tight-fitting stockings, and low shoes decorated with scarlet heels and toes completely covered with immense rosettes of wired lace or ribbon, often trimmed with pearls. Well, the new floral shoes are some of them almost as large in decoration; chrysanthemums, roses, bunches of violets, and clusters of forget-me-nots are amongst the flowers used for this purpose. It is quite possible to get one's shoes made of the same material as the dress, and this is not a bad idea. Floral hats are prepared for the Riviera. Violets or geraniums cover the foundation so closely that the shape is not visible, but no other trimming is needed. Boas and muffs are seen also completely covered with flowers. The pelerine shape for a floral boa, fitting closely to the shoulders and terminating with long ends, is a favourite one, the foundation being net, upon which the flowers are stitched, and this is lined with silk. A floral muff should accompany such a tippet.

Messrs. Cadbury's chocolates hold the highest possible place in excellence, rivalling in variety and in flavour the best French goods. Then they are boxed in perfectly charming *bonbonnières*. Such good taste presides over the choice of colouring and the decoration, that even the cheaper boxes may be placed in the drawing-room after the sweets are consumed, and utilised as photograph-boxes, and to hold fancy-work, etc. Cadbury's are model employers too; all their chocolates are made at their "village," where only their own employes live, with every comfort and



A SKATING-DRESS OF CLOTH, VELVET, AND ERMINE.

means for health provided, sanitary and recreative—a fact of importance to the consumer of the goods too.

Messrs. Peter Robinson's annual sales begin both at the Oxford Street and Regent Street houses on Jan. 31. In every department unusually sweeping reductions are made for this sale on the present occasion. The Oxford Street house supplies "everything for ladies' wear," as well as for children's, and many departments cater for the household in such matters as blankets, linen, etc., besides. The Regent Street house is specially strong in black gowns and materials, but has all other dress and toilet accessories. Capital French model dresses at a great reduction are a feature here. My readers should write for sale catalogues, FILOMENA.

THE
National Waifs' Association
(otherwise known as
DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

THERE are at present sheltered in these Homes 6,180 Homeless and Destitute Waifs, over 1,200 of whom are Incurables, little Cripples, or Helpless Infants. For 36 years we have never closed our doors in the face of any really destitute applicant.

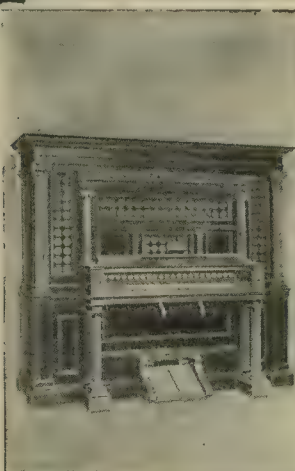
Will not every kind heart pity Little Children who are in so sad a case during this happy Xmas-tide, and send some help?

Dr. Barnardo.
Founder and Director.

18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY,
LONDON, E.

George Code
Honorary Secretary.

The ÆOLIAN



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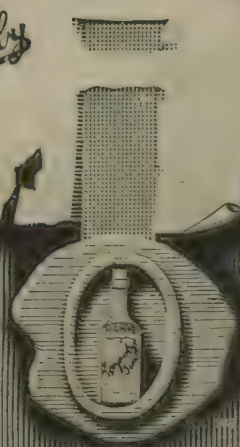
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The original mild
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known as "Harvey's" for
over a century.

Elizabeth Lazenby



ART NOTES.

Mr. Sargent is to go to the United States almost immediately, taking with him the final consignment of "items" to complete the scheme of decoration for the Boston Free Library. The labour of many years has been given by Mr. Sargent to these great designs illustrating symbolically the chief faiths and creeds of man in all ages and climes; and not merely the labour, but also the love. The portrait-painter has preferred the decorative work, which has divided his time, and has taken him away from his Tite Street studio to a second and more spacious studio in the Fulham Road—the workshop of a painter and sculptor in one. Mr. Sargent has there modelled many of the figures which he has afterwards coloured, notably his fitting masterpiece, the Christ on the Cross, with the attendant figures, in relief, of Adam and Eve. Mr. Sargent, who will paint several portraits while he is in Boston and New York, hopes to be back in London early in the spring.

Mr. Henry Tuke, A.R.A., who has come to town for a few weeks, had, before he left Cornwall, a visit from Mr. William Watson, who sat to him for several portrait-sketches.

Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A., will be remembered in Newlyn by the big poppies which he planted there for the purposes of one of his well-remembered canvases, and which have, since he left the fishing village, grown apace. One of the most interesting passages in "The Octopus," by the late Mr. Frank Norris, was that in which he described the planting of the corn and the grapes and the olives in California by the first Spanish missionaries in order to rear for themselves the bread and wine and oils for the sacramental purposes of the altar. From that patch of corn the boundless wheat-fields of the West have sprung. Perhaps the "sleep-flowers" brought for

studio purposes to the Duchy may yet win for the Cornish moors the title of Poppyland.

No artist of our time, perhaps, has reached so sudden and so sure an eminence as M. Fritz Thaulow, who has taken captive all at once the Paris Salon, our own Academy, and the other leading exhibitions of Europe.

younger school of French out-of-door painters; and an influence of which they were never in greater need than at this moment.

Signor Mancini, who has made a stay of some months in England, and who will again next spring submit some of his works to the selecting committee of the Royal Academy, is now busily engaged on a series of portraits and studies in Rome.

It is one more sign of London's very desirable growth in cosmopolitanism that M. Boldini has taken a studio in our midst, and is there to be found, defiant of our fogs. A portrait of Mr. Harrison will show in a new and by no means unfavourable light the handiwork of an artist hitherto best known in this country, as in America, by his vivacious and somewhat elongated portraits of women and girls.

The water-colours now on view at the Holland Gallery in Grafton Street, W., represent low-lying Dutch scenery, and thus remind us of the Holland that has now been rendered by the artists of several centuries. But though the country is conservative in being persistently flat and in refusing to develop hills, the art of the country keeps pace with other modern art, and is indeed in the van of the progress of painting. The modern Dutch School has real knowledge of the changing technique of recent work, and in Holland the beauties of paint and its

surfaces are well understood. Very charmingly applied paint is to be found here in the water-colours of Willem Rip, who depicts the familiar Dutch town, with its dash of red roof and sparkling white wall, the river, the field, and the constantly recurring windmill—all with something of the charm of Maris, if without that master's originality of composition or great beauty of colour. In the small drawing, the "Canal near Delft," Mr. Rip attains a really beautiful result of his industry.



Photo. Gribaydoff.

SOME OF PRESIDENT CASTRO'S FELLOW CITIZENS: A TYPICAL GROUP OF VENEZUELAN PEASANTS.

These peasants were employed on one of the numerous coffee-plantations which form an important industry in the republic.

M. Thaulow brings an entirely individual touch to his lighted wall-surfaces, to his reflection-bearing currents of water, to his moonshine, and even to the factory-chimney, and the smoke he manages to glorify; so that he is the last man to whom we look as the possible founder of a school. Nevertheless, after glancing about him in London, he has settled to "direct" and "teach" in Paris—at the Colarossi School. No doubt he will be an influence, if nothing more, on the

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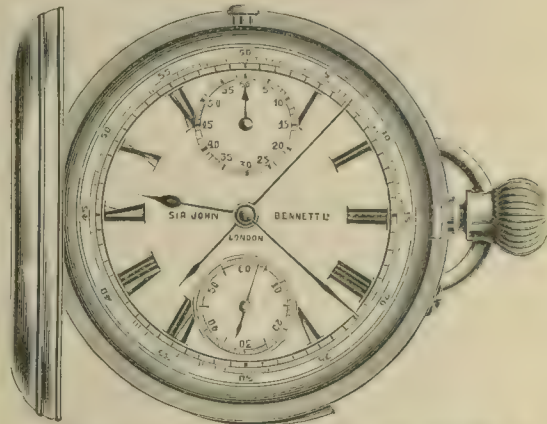
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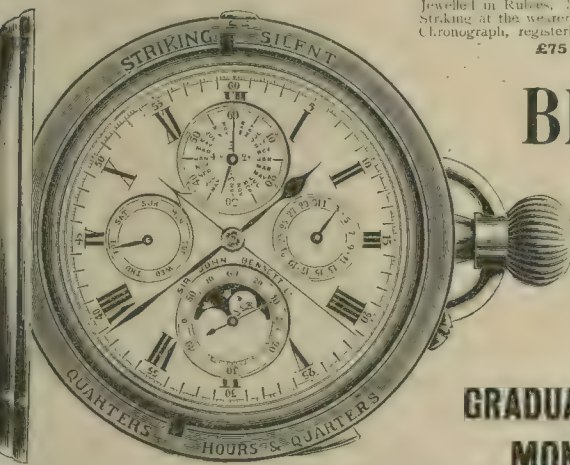
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Flavour in
Tobaccos.

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Sealed Packets
and Tins
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World.

NAVY MIXTURE

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Barry, who spent a recent holiday on the Continent, has returned to his residence in Queen Anne's Mansions, and has resumed his episcopal duties in West London.

The Bishop of Brisbane had arranged to preach in York Minster on the third Sunday in Advent, and to plead the claims of his diocese. On arriving at the Deanery, York, on the Saturday, he was, however, suffering so much from overwork that his doctor forbade him to preach, and ordered him to cancel his engagements for the next three weeks.

The venerable Dr. Sewell is resigning the Wardenship of New College, Oxford. He has reached this week his ninety-second birthday, and of this long life seventy-five years have been spent at New College, where he was successively Scholar, Fellow, Tutor, and Warden.

The Church of England Soldiers' Institutes Association is doing a valuable work in encouraging local effort on behalf of our Army at many foreign stations. The Association has lately granted considerable sums to the institutes at Cairo, at Mauritius, and at Madras, as well as at Exeter and Devonport, all of which grants will meet equal sums which have been raised by local effort.

Mrs. Temple's sister, Miss Lascelles, has been constantly by her side during the Archbishop's illness; and another faithful watcher was Lady Edward Cavendish, one of the closest friends of the family. Mrs. Temple, whose own health has lately been far from strong, suffered a good deal from the strain of nursing. In the first days of Dr. Temple's illness it was thought that he was troubled with a mere local weakness, due to muscular rheumatism, but signs of general feebleness set in. On the third Sunday in Advent, when prayers were offered for him in all London churches, congregations feared that at any moment they might receive the news that he had passed away.

During his tenure of the see of London Dr. Temple was known as an indefatigable walker. I have seen him on Sunday mornings miles away from Fulham, tramping through the wintry streets on his way to fulfil a preaching engagement. He was usually accompanied by a chaplain, who carried the little bag with his vestments. But the Archbishop was as willing to carry his own bag as the "modest scholar" whom



THE MOTOR-CAR IN WARFARE: AN AUTOMOBILE ARMoured AND FITTED WITH THE HOTCHKISS GUN.

The car figured above attracted considerable interest at the Motor Exhibition in Paris. The practical utility of such a machine is somewhat problematic, as it could very easily be wrecked by an enemy. A tree-trunk flung across the roadway would be sufficient to disable it.

Ian Maclaren describes so admirably in his latest book. The Archbishop used to be a strong and sturdy walker, and in the heyday of his strength would seldom travel by carriage on Sunday.

concert ended with the Sonata in E major of César Franck for the violin and pianoforte, which gave each performer admirable opportunities of showing his masterly technique.

M. I. H.

The S.P.G. has received several windfalls during recent weeks. At a conference at Bolton the other day Bishop Montgomery read a telegram announcing a donation of £2000 just received at the London office of the society. This, he said, made a total of £4500 which had been received anonymously during the past ten days.

A meeting of the Riviera Clerical Society was recently held at Nice under the presidency of the Bishop of Gibraltar. Various speakers dwelt on the difficulty of financing the Riviera chaplaincies, and it was stated that even in churches attended by millionaire families seldom more than small coins were placed in the offertory-bag. Gold was very rare. Chaplains' stipends had been greatly diminished of late years, and rarely provided a sufficient remuneration.

Pulpit arrangements for the City Temple have been made for several weeks ahead. The Rev. R. J. Campbell will preach on Thursdays, and among Sunday preachers are the Rev. W. E. Blomfield (of Coventry), the Rev. Silas Hocking, the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, and the Rev. Thomas Yates (of Liverpool).

MUSIC.

At the Queen's Hall on Monday afternoon, Dec. 15, an interesting concert was given, or rather a song, pianoforte, and violin recital, in which Madame Eleanor Cleaver, Signor Busoni, and M. Ysaye respectively took part. Madame Cleaver sang songs of Schubert, Gluck, and Brahms excellently, accompanied by Mr. Percy Pitt. Signor Busoni gave a familiar but superb performance of the Sonata in B flat of Chopin, in which he brought out with great delicacy of expression the Funeral March and the last and most difficult movement. M. Ysaye was equally superb in his rendering of the Sonata in E major, scored for the violin and pianoforte, of Bach. Nor was the balance of attraction in any way disputed between him and Signor Busoni. M. Ysaye also played a Paraphrase of "Siegfried," arranged by Wilhelm, with great charm; and also the "Abendlied" of Schumann and a Caprice by Guiraud. As an encore he gave his favourite aria of Bach. The concert ended with the Sonata in E major of César Franck for the violin and pianoforte, which gave each performer admirable opportunities of showing his masterly technique.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE!! NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SWING OF THE PENDULUM OF TIME!

You can change the course of the trickling stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm.

The common idea when not feeling well is, 'I will wait and see—perhaps I shall feel better to-morrow'; whereas had a supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided.

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It allays Nervous Excitement, Sleeplessness, Depression, and restores the Nervous System to its proper condition. It is Pleasant, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the Blood Pure and free from Disease. It should be in every bed-room and traveller's bag (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and removes all fœtid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the Blood by Natural Means. Always does good—never any harm.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1902) of Mr. Thomas Hardcastle, J.P., of Bradshaw Hall, Lancashire, and Blaston Hall, Leicester, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Emily Augusta Hardcastle, the widow, and Thomas Augustus Hardcastle and Henry Marmaduke Hardcastle, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £292,893. The testator bequeaths £1,000, £2,000 per annum, the furniture, wines, horses and carriages at Blaston, and the use for life of the Hall and grounds to his wife; the leasehold premises, Bradshaw Hall, with the furniture, etc., therein, the house called Woodend, near Bolton, and other property at Salford, Turton, and Harwood, and a rent charge of £50 per annum, to his son Henry Marmaduke; and 10s. per week to William Hardcastle. Subject to the life interest of Mrs. Hardcastle, he gives the Blaston and Horninghold estates, with the farm stock and crops, to his son Thomas Augustus. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated July 10, 1902) of Mr. Henry Oldham, M.D., of Cannington, Boscombe, who died on Nov. 19, has been proved by Sir Henry Hugh Oldham, the son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bolton James Alfred Monsell, the executors, the value of the estate being £203,018. The testator gives £50,000, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Edith Anna Hanson; £30,000, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Grace Hanson; £15,000 and a house in Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh, to his grandson, Harry John de la Condamine; £14,250 each, in trust, for his granddaughters, Zoe Fanny Dougall, Ethel Mary Steere, Alice Ellen Milton, and Esmé Katherine Backhouse; £2,000 each to his grand-children, Bertram Evelyn Hanson, Helen Kathleen Hewitt, and Clarence Oldham Hanson; £500 each to Colonel Monsell and Henry Frederic Vilmot Oldham; and £200 and an annuity of £200 to Eliza Hodding. Having provided in his lifetime for his son, Sir Henry Oldham, he appoints him residuary legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1900), with two codicils (dated June 3 and July 19, 1902), of Mrs. Letitia Beaumont, of Orford Hall, Warrington, who died on



A CENTREPIECE COMMEMORATIVE OF THE BRAZILIAN ARBITRATION.

This handsome piece of plate has been designed to commemorate the French Guiana Arbitration between France and Brazil, which resulted in favour of the latter country. On the base is a medallion portrait of the recipient of this centrepiece, Baron Rio Branco, Brazilian representative in the arbitration. The decorations are of plant and animal life. On panels surrounded by water, wherein the Victoria Regia lily of the country is prominent, appear representations of the Council Chamber at Berne, a chart of the disputed territory, and inscriptions. The central group illustrates the aboriginal life of Brazil. The centrepiece has been modelled and manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of 156, New Bond Street.

Oct. 9, has been proved by Vere Beaumont Davies and John Burgess, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,939. The testatrix gives £10,000 in trust for Mrs. Margaret Stapylton; £2,000 to Vere B. Davies; £1,000 each to Robert Davies, Edward Gaskell Davies, Leonard Gaskell Davies, and Laura Nixon; £500 each to Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp, Mary Maclure, Edith Anne Willcocks, Mary Harriet Millard, and Sarah Jane Smith; £1,000 each to the National Life-boat Institution, the Warrington Bluecoat School, and the Solicitors' Benevolent Institution; £200 each to the Rectors of Holy Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. Anne's, and St. Luke's, and of Padgate, Warrington, in trust for their schools; and a few other small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves in trust to apply the income in the payment of annual pensions of not less than £26 or more than £52 each to well-conducted and deserving persons of both sexes who may be in reduced or decayed circumstances, who are popularly described as "having known better days," and the testatrix also stated that it is not her intention to give mere pauper relief or to assist persons in humble life who can be much better relieved under the prevailing Poor Laws.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1899), with a codicil (dated June 14, 1901), of Mr. Charles Henry Beloe, C.E., of Livingston Drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool, who died on Aug. 13, has been proved by Mrs. Rhoda Catherine Beloe, the widow, and John Wilson, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £62,709. The testator bequeaths £100 to John Wilson, and, subject thereto, he leaves all his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife during her life or widowhood, and then in equal shares for his children. Should Mrs. Beloe again marry, an annuity of £200 is to be paid to her.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1899) of Mr. John Vanner, of Springfields, Banbury, Oxford, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Dec. 12, by James Engelbert Vanner, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £45,044. The testator gives £1,000, in trust, for his daughter

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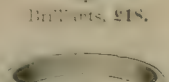
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Sarah Elizabeth Moore; and £1000, and part of the household furniture, to his late wife's niece Anne Eleanora Early. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his two daughters, Sarah Elizabeth Moore and Helen Early Gilligan.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1897) of Mr. Alexander Philip Levy-Tebbutt, of 10, Russell Square, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 5 by Mrs. Sarah Levy-Tebbutt, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £38,214. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture therein, to his wife; a policy on his life for £5000, in trust, for his son John; £100 to his niece Annie Catherine Jacobs; £200 for such charitable institutions as his wife may select; and £100 each to his brother Isaac and his wife. The

residue of his property he leaves in trust for his wife during her widowhood; but should she again marry, an annuity of £500 is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, he gives £2500 in trust for his daughter Isabelle; £2000 to his son John; and the ultimate residue to his sons David, Arthur, Isidor, Michael, and Montagu.

The will (dated May 7, 1898) of the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, of 41, Montagu Square, for many years minister at Brunswick Chapel, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Nov. 24 by Mrs. Emily Maitland, the widow, Miss Mary Eleanor Maitland, the daughter, and the Rev. Henry Matthew West, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,293. After confirming his marriage settlement, he gives to his wife the income from £15,000, and the use of the household and domestic

effects. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1901) of Mr. Alfred Elwell, J.P., of Wood Green, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, who died on Aug. 21, has been proved by Frederick Elwell and Edward Elwell, the brothers, and Herbert Thorn Elwell, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £37,169. The testator gives £100, and the household furniture, and during her widowhood the income from £9000, and the use of his residence, to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Elwell. Subject to such interest, he gives the sum of £9000 to his daughters Edith Margaret, Susan, and Georgina. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety each to his sons Herbert Thorn and Ernest Edward.

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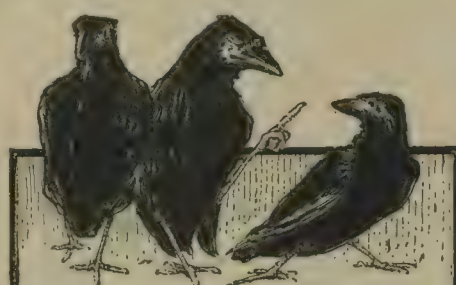
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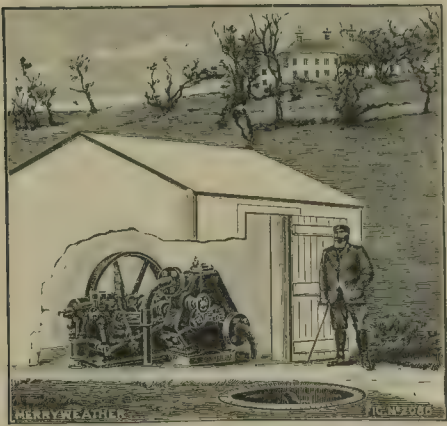
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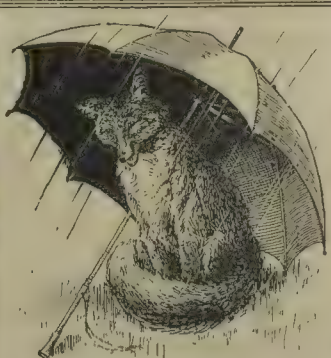
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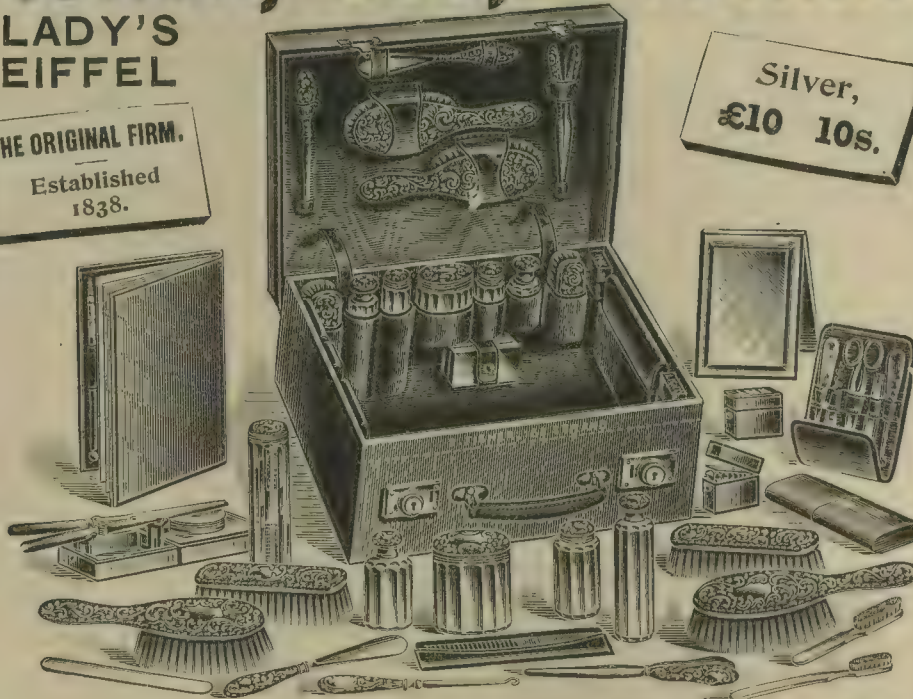
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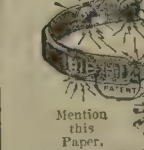
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YEAR-BOOKS.

Most ponderous of the annuals is, of course, the "London Directory," of which Messrs. Kelly have just published the 104th issue; but this old acquaintance, though heavy in the hand, is the volume which of all the annuals is the best-thumbed before the year ends. The special features of the present issue include a considerable addition to the commercial division, and the population of places mentioned in the census reports of 1901.

From the great symbol of democracy we pass to the volume which stands for all that is aristocratic in the three kingdoms. Until last year our "Burke" had grown stouter and stouter at every appearance, but this

year on receiving him from his wrapper one was tempted to exclaim—of course with strict reference to his avoirdupois—"O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!" One guessed the reason even before opening the book, for the solution of the mystery is obviously thinner and finer paper. The gain in convenience is certainly considerable, and Society's Bible, in its sixty-fifth edition, is all that minute research and careful editing can make it. Messrs. Harrison and Sons, booksellers to the King, publish the work at forty-two shillings.

"Debrett," on the other hand, is stouter, and with him the influence of the Coronation still lingers, for in his preface he is constrained to give an account of the regalia and of various implements of the solemnity.

The work is brought very closely up to date, as is proved by its containing such recent events as the death of Sir Frank Green, which happened only one week before the day of publication. Messrs. Dean and Son are certainly to be complimented upon their expedition.

In "Who's Who" (Black) the personal matter is slowly crowding out what may be termed public information, so that the tables relating to clubs, societies, prominent men in journalism, and so forth, have been omitted from the issue for 1903. "Who's Who" still makes rather good reading, but we must repeat the wish we expressed last year that the editorial pruning-knife would modify the eccentricities which appear under individual confessions of favourite recreations.

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The Whisky of our forefathers

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HOOPING COUGH.

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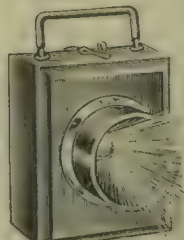
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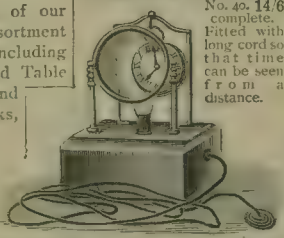
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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
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SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

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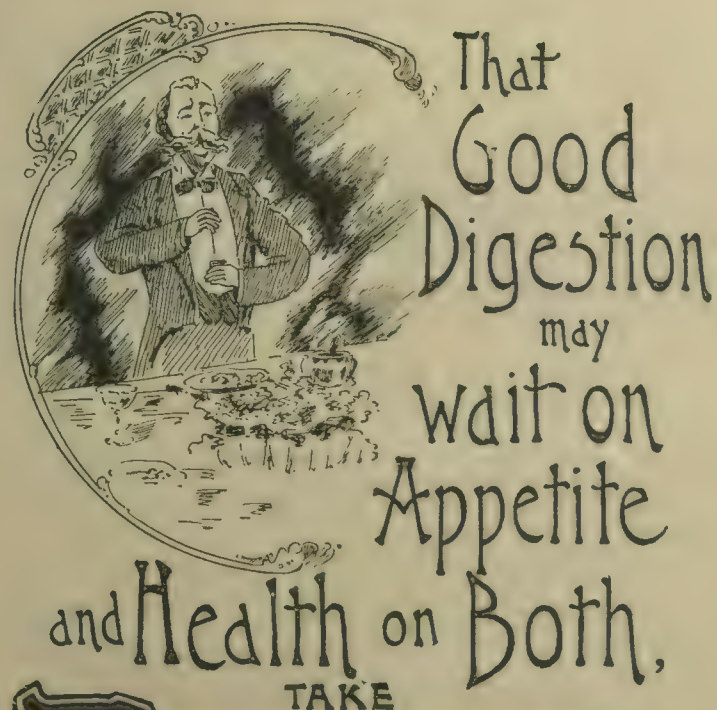
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THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

A BALLAD OF 1830 · RETOLD BY · CECIL ALDIN ·

ABOUT fifty years ago, when old George the Third was King,
And the Prince, the star of fashion, brightly shone in
pleasure's ring,

The English country Squire was a man of great renown:

He'd an old Hall in the country, and a modern house in town.

A Justice of the Peace he was, and also an M.P.,

But was fettered to no party; his principles were free.

He courted not the Premium, though his son was in the Guards,

With Fox he sometimes voted, but much oftener played at cards.

HE kept a pack of foxhounds of pure old English breed;
Most musical and staunch they were, but not much
famed for speed.

His hunters were enduring, and could go a decent pace:

To suit his hounds he bred them, not to run a steeplechase.

He boldly went at hedge or gate, nor stop't at ditch or brook,

And many a Melton Mowbray swell might shy the leap he took.

'Twas a pleasant sight to see him through a bun-fence make a gap,

With a pig-tail like a drumstick cocking out behind his hat.



A DAY WITH THE ROYAL REYNARDSHIRE HUNT: GOING TO THE MEET.

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.

Old Sourgrapes, the huntsfox, having reported that men were plentiful in Chivvyboy Spinney, everybody who was anybody in Reynardshire turned out in the highest spirits, anticipating a rattling day's run. The meet was at Gander's End, half-a-mile from Brush Hall, where Lord and Lady de Mask were entertaining a large party. The de Masks' youngest son, the Hon. Younge Cubbe, saw the beginning of the sport from the governess-cart.

[From the "Illustrated Topsyturnydom Sporting News."



A DAY WITH THE ROYAL REYNARDSHIRE HUNT: IN THE FIRST FLIGHT.

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.

The first find was, as expected, in Chivvyboy Spinney, and the man gave the field a capital twenty minutes till the death at Kilmanquik. Lady de Mask watched with evident pride the plucky riding of her eldest son, young Lord Mountcanine. One or two unfortunate accidents were reported. Dr. Rob Hencoop was thrown early, and spent most of the day hunting his mount, while Mr. Vulpy, K.C., exchanged his saddle for a quickset hedge.

[From the "Illustrated Topsy-turvydom Sporting News."



*H*IS rent-day was at Michaelmas: within his oak-roof'd hall,
 Where portraits, arms, and horns of deer bedecked
 the panel'd wall,
 It was his custom, and a good one, with his tenantry to dine,
 And a fine toast that he gave them, in a gold cup fill'd with wine,
 Old claret rich and sparkling, such as seldom's tasted now,
 Was "The King and Royal Family, and God speed the Plough."
 "Amen!" exclaimed the Vicar, while his patrons seated were,
 While the farmers drank their bumpers off, and gave a hearty cheer.

*'T*IS now thirty years ago, the sad time I well remember,
 On a dull and dreary day in the dark month of November,
 This good old English Squire, aged three-score years and ten,
 Was gathered to his fathers, to the grief of all good men.
 In the village church he's buried, scarce a mile from the old Hall;
 His heir was chief mourner, six old neighbours bore the pall.
 His memory is cherished yet, and many people say
 With the good old English Squire good old times are gone away.